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LUCELIA A. LOVEJOY

# Beyond The River

BY  
LUCELIA A. LOVEJOY

Thru the hand of  
J. D.

Edited and Published by  
LEWIS PETERSON  
410 S. 4th St.     EFFINGHAM, ILL.

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To  
the co-workers,  
excaruate and incarnate,  
who have faithfully labored to its success  
this work is lovingly  
dedicated



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## INTRODUCTION

### The Picture



THE following momentous events had their inception in the year 1882, A. D. Feeling impelled so to do, I wrote an article which, to my surprise, was published in the *Progressive Thinker*, a beacon of light published at Chicago, Ill. A short time after its publication, I received a letter from a person residing at Carthage, Mo., who manifested much interest in the subject, and requested further light on some points. This I promptly furnished, expecting that to terminate our correspondence. He was at that time practicing the healing art by the "laying on of hands" and manipulation. That letter was signed, Dr. Anderson.

To my surprise, he again wrote, expressing his thanks, then imparting this revelation :

"By the way, there is a beautiful spirit, a lady, comes with your letter, who manifests much interest in you. If there is a good medium in your city, find out who she is. If a guide, let us know, and we will take her likeness as a gift from her and us.

(Signed)            WELLA P. ANDERSON, Spirit Artist."

Seeing that name, I knew that I was face to face with real phenomena. Sometime previous to this, by merest chance, I picked up a book, which proved to be a short biography of some of the older mediums and their work.

On the page at which I opened that book was the copy of a beautifully executed pencil drawing of a spirit being by this noted spirit artist. It stated that he did that kind of work while under full trance, in a perfectly dark closet, the materials used being Faber's lead pencils, Nos. 1 and 2, etc. Such is the process by which the picture sent me was taken and from which the frontispiece is a copy. While the proportions of this picture are faulty, the artistic execution cannot be denied. It is hardly necessary to state that the entranced human organism is an unwieldy instrument for so delicate a work.

At that time I thought it strange, since he manifested no doubt of being able to take her likeness, that he should ask me to find out who she was; but we must remember that he was only the entranced instrument in this wonderful work. I informed him that there was no sensitive in our city capable of giving the desired information, and requested him to see what he could get. The answer came promptly, in part as follows:

"Yes, she again comes with your letter, bright and beautiful as a dream. It is well that you do not see her, or you might feel like the boy who cried: 'I want to go home!' When conditions are right, we will take her likeness, as a gift from her and us. We take it in order to cause two souls to rejoice, and two hearts to beat as one. There will be no charges, and no feelings of obligation in any way." (She explains in Letter 4 as to how he was enabled to see her.)

In describing her, he said:

"She appears to be about twenty-four years of age (see confirmation of that in Letter 5), and when you see her likeness, you must compare it as with the block of marble alongside of the finished statue. It is impossible to portray angelic loveliness on paper."

## THE POEM (in part)

You ask for the name of your beautiful guide  
Who comes arrayed in white,  
With glittering sparks all over her dress  
That twinkle like stars in the night.

You ask why she is with you,  
And you wonder if she is going to stay;  
Well, it takes two halves of an apple  
To make a whole apple, they say.

Substance and shadow are always together  
All over this world so wide;  
You never see one without the other,  
And so with you and your guide.

I lost no time in letting him know that such a present would be regarded as a gift of gifts.

Many obstacles came in his way, so that about seven years elapsed, but the picture finally came as a New Year's gift for the year 1900.

I freely confess that, should I have had to bargain for it and pay the regular price, which at that time was high for that class of work, I should in all probability have regarded it in the light of a commercial transaction only. But coming from a total stranger, except for our correspondence, unexpected and unasked for, absolutely free of cost to me, for even the express charges were prepaid, leaves it wholly free from any taint of commercialism, and as there can be no effect without an adequate cause, I shall accept it fully as bona fide. As for the upturned eyes, the inference is so plain that I will let them speak for themselves.

### The Letters

About six years after the receipt of the picture, I visited a medium thru whose vocal organs the author of the let-

ters, but previous to that time, had spoken to me, and also the place where I discovered the book which gave me the first knowledge of Wella P. Anderson and his wonderful mediumship. When seeing me, she exclaimed:

“Oh, Mr. Peterson! Why didn't you come five minutes sooner? A young man has just left that you must be sure to meet. But never mind, he will call again, and then I will arrange a meeting.”

In a short time we heard a knock on the door, and when it was opened, there he stood. On seeing him she again exclaimed:

“Why, what brings you back so soon?”

Looking at us earnestly, he replied:

“I don't know; I had to come.”

On his first visit he passed four doors, and felt impelled to stop at this one, which was the fifth from the entrance to the second floor.

For reasons to me at that time unknown, I felt strangely drawn to that young man. I wanted to fold my arms around and protect him from himself and the whole world—an impossible task, for he was in the all-knowing age.

The unseen forces, however, did their part, so that we spent a portion of the following winter in California, and thirty days of that time in the Peterselia summer cottage at Long Beach.

When we were comfortably settled there, he asked for pencil and paper, but surprised me by wanting paper of a certain color, which could only be had in manuscript tablet size. When I placed these materials on the table, he sat down and began to write very rapidly, tore off the sheets, and flung them on the floor. Thinking that he was writing letters to friends, and fearing that the sheets were getting mixed, I picked up and numbered them. The writing continued till I had fifteen or more closely written



pages. Watching him closely, I noticed that his face was flushed, causing a tired look to appear, and then first did it dawn upon me as to what was going on. Deeming it time to interfere, I asked if he hadn't better rest a while. Hearing my voice, he pulled himself together, rubbed his eyes, and said:

"Yes, perhaps I had."

I then remarked that he was a very long letter writer, and asked what the story was about. To my surprise, he said:

"I don't know!"

"You don't know! Could you have written all this and not know what it is?"

"I don't know what has been written. Read the stuff, and let us find out what it is."

After the reading, I put it in a drawer, got him out into the sun, and down to the seashore. The next day, and for several days in succession, the same performance was repeated, until we had a manuscript of about one hundred and thirty-five pages, using about one hour of time each day. But to my certain knowledge, not a single time did he ever examine what had previously been written in order to refresh his memory. The closing of the work developed another surprise, and a supremely gratifying revelation, for the living soul, who succeeded in giving her likeness to me, subscribed her name to the manuscript as its author. And thus did she also succeed in getting the letters into my hands. (It must be remembered that he had never seen the picture, and knew nothing of the incidents connected therewith.)

The medium took very little interest in the writing. The subject did not interest him at all. When I spoke of life beyond the grave, he seemed to regard me as several degrees out of balance, as he remarked;

"There is no life beyond the grave. When we die, that's the end."

As the subject matter was the exact opposite to his belief, we are forced to conclude that his mentality did not dictate the writing of the letters. And thus, thru the hand of a comparative stranger, were events in my life made clear, which, up to that time, had been a puzzle to me.

Now, having told by what means the picture and the letters came into my hands, I could terminate the part assigned me in this work. But, I do not feel at liberty so to do, yet. The world is spiritually hungry; hungry for the answer to Job's question: "If we die, shall we live again?" I must, therefore, not be a shirker, but bravely do my part.

Wella P. Anderson was one of earth's real noblemen. His unselfish soul and willing hand made it possible for this picture to be produced, and the same remarks will apply regarding the letters. The spirit artist was called to higher duties over ten years ago. The automatic hand is still imprisoned in flesh, thru which we hope to reap other golden truths for man's enlightenment.

Thru this automatic hand, Wella P. Anderson succeeded in wafting across the mystic barrier one message for me. Yea, even from that bourne they have so persistently told us that "no traveler ever returns." But let us see. The following incidents will, I think, at least furnish food for thought.

About three months after my brother's demise, I went to Eureka, Calif., to meet our medium, in hopes of getting something of value to the world. But having to scramble for a living, which is most destructive to the delicately sensitive state necessary to respond to the higher vibrations, my trip came near being a failure. The unexpected happened, however, for Lucelia wrote a welcome

letter from my brother. I cannot refrain from saying that I considered him an exceptional specimen of humanity ; now proven true by his ability to reach the high plane where she and our parents dwell. So she wrote :

“Having known your parents a long time, and being aware of the new arrival, I concluded to visit them, and also to learn how he liked the new world in which he found himself. He knew me by the picture he had seen. When he saw me, his face lit up with joy, and greeting me most cordially, he said : ‘You come very near being like the picture, or the picture like you.’

“I asked how he had, so far, found things to his liking, and he said that he was agreeably surprised, but not as much so as he would have been had he not read our description of his parents’ home. Said he :

“‘It is wonderful how familiar your letters made this valley to me. . . . I could be well pleased, but they, that is, my friends, have me located in different places. Some fear that I found not my Saviour in the days of my youth, and consequently, well, they judge not. Then there are others who think it is not practical to live, after we are dead. So, I will follow in the footsteps of my father, and with the exception of a payment of the natural love debt due to Mary and my brother, I will try to make myself comfortable here, as per request.’ [When alone with him a few days before the change, I made exactly such a request.]

“‘To be sure, I will not remain idle very long before we will begin to prepare for the building of our new home.

· · ·  
“‘My friends were all about me, and I realized their emotions. Then I suddenly became aware of the presence of others, whom I heretofore had not seen. I tried to convey this information, but know not if they understood.

I wish I did! [He tried so hard for a few moments, but the power to articulate was gone.] Then, as I was trying to tell the glad news, I suddenly realized myself to be separate from my body, hovering above it, between father and sister, whom I immediately recognized. The woe of the situation dawned upon me. Our earthly ignorance appalled me.

“They looked upon the clay, referring to it as he. They should have known better! Too bad that we do not see the spirit, and understand the subject properly. I could not bear the sight of earthly suffering, neither could I speak, nor make myself known. So, I just gave up, and away we went. What followed, I do not recollect, nor until I found myself at our parents’ home did I seem to give the matter further attention. Here I seemed to be no stranger. They knew all about me.”

“But memory soon revived. The pull of earth took hold and there followed a space of sympathetic misery that made this land of joy a place of sorrow.

“‘You might call their attention to the eight-foot boards and the pickets we split, and by that they will know that this message is all right, as the medium knows nothing of the especial things and incidents mentioned.’ [He had never met my brother. The boards and pickets were split in an isolated place, by us two, absolutely unknown to the medium and forgotten by me at the time of writing.]

“He requested me to write thru the hand of our instrument his unqualified appreciation of the truth manifested in our work, and to speak a word of comfort to the one he left. To say that he would be with her to comfort and to strengthen. He wants her to look forward with hope to the final reunion.

“Like all the rest who come from the earth, he came

both naked and bare ; he can here have whatever his heart desires, according to his ability to use.

“ ‘The earth is God’s and the fulness thereof,’ says the Bible. We say: ‘The earth is ours, and the fulness thereof.’ It is for humanity to use, that all may be supplied. We hold the spiritual earth for our spiritual needs. All can take and use freely, to the extent of their ability and desire.”

In justice to us, I wish to say that we did know better. But such are trying times, and even tho we feel sure of knowing that the separation is only for a span, we are as yet an embodiment of ancient mental training which confines the mind to matter. Instead of being schooled to the joy of their liberation, we grieve at the loss of the physical companionship. To alleviate that sorrow, and to show the brighter side, is the aim and hope of this work.

Later on, Lucelia favored me with a description of the new home brother spoke of preparing, as follows :

“He stood at the entrance of a rustic gate, that bore all the marks of recent construction, his arms resting on a post, as I came up. This rustic fence divides a handsome garden from the main road. A pebble strewn path leads to a vine-embowered cottage, just beyond the garden. At the rear of this there is a strip of woodland, and still farther back, the stream that flows past his parents’ home babbles musically. The stream makes a bend here, and the road cuts across the country for a short distance, leaving a peninsula-like arm of land. This arm is fenced off, chiefly for artistic effect, and here he has built his home. Here he dwells with his daughter, and his sister has also taken up her abode with him, altho that will not be for any great length of time, as she is about to make a change of location in accordance with the requirements of her education.”

The following incidents also transpired during the unfolding of this drama in my life, and can hardly be omitted:

Being at Los Angeles, and having the medium with me, I felt a desire to again visit the Petersilea home. Taking the Glendale car, we got there about eleven o'clock A. M. and met with a hearty reception. After an hour of pleasant conversation, we arose to take leave, but no. We were pressed to remain for lunch. In a reasonable time thereafter we attempted to depart, but again no. Said she:

"I wish you to spend the night here. You will find the room upstairs just as you left it."

When time to retire, I took the lamp (there were no electric lights at that time) and started for the stairs, the medium going on ahead. On entering the door, which was open, he gave a jump and a kick, exclaiming, "Get out of here." Surprised, I asked for an explanation, and he said:

"There was a man standing in the center of the room, and I want him to get out."

Asking whether it did so, he answered:

"Yes, he went into that room and out of the window." (The dressing room was lighted by a window over the front porch.)

When comfortably settled in bed, raps began to drum on the headboard. Being tired and sleepy, he ordered the performance none too politely to cease. The request was respected for a few moments, when again it started. From the bed to the wall, then to the ceiling, and from there to a lot of books in the further corner, it moved. The books, being done up in brown wrappers, which had become dry, the rustling was very lively.

After a time he passed into a semi-conscious state, and then with a determined effort began to use his vocal organs.

Soon, words were laboriously stuttered out in the Norse language, clear enough for me to understand. I answered mentally, in the same language, which was readily understood. (The medium does not speak that language.)

#### EXPLANATION

I was brought to Chicago at the age of eleven years. Our parents being of the Lutheran faith, mother took me and brother with her to the Lutheran Church, presided over by the Rev. Pastor Peterson. Confirmation being a part of the formula of that church, Pastor Peterson put us thru that ceremony. The influence that tried so persistently to identify itself that night proved to my entire satisfaction to be that selfsame Pastor Peterson.

As these personal experiences seem to be interwoven with this work, I must explain how I came to visit the Petersilea home the first time.

I do not remember how long it was after his demise that I received a letter from our medium (we were living in different States at the time) containing a message from Prof. Petersilea imploring me to hasten to his wife, as she was contemplating suicide. Instinctively feeling the force of the message, I lost no time in starting, as it takes several days to reach Los Angeles from Seattle, leaving my friends to believe that I went to seek bodily health only.

While speeding south, I cudgeled my brain as to how I should introduce myself. I had an instinctive feeling that the use of the simple truth would have rendered my trip abortive. She would have regarded the statement that I came at his request simply as a subterfuge to gain admission, and shut the door in my face. Having arranged that in my mind, the next task was to find their home.

When presenting myself, I discovered her to be of a very cautious and reserved nature, so that she opened the

door just enough to permit us to converse. But in a short time she flung the door wide open, and I received a hearty welcome. As I sat at dusk of the evening, listening, while she was bemoaning her sad fate, she said:

"I have had twenty-five years of happiness. But it is all over now. He is forever gone. I shall never see him again, and I want to drown myself to end it all."

A startling admission of the genuineness of the message, even to me, who had put full faith therein. Like all the best mediums for mental phenomena that it has been my pleasure to meet, when not supported by higher forces she sank down into the depths of materialism, and was unable to see any further than the grave. I did not dare to leave her, neither could I console her in the slightest degree, and my task proved to be anything but a bed of roses.

When we became better acquainted, I did attempt to hold out hope that the separation would not be for very long, when her eyes took on a new light, and I saw that she was being overshadowed. Soon she faced me, extended her hand, and in a masculine voice said:

"Good evening, Brother Peterson. We extend you a welcome to our home. We have been a very interested listener to the consolation you have been trying to impart to our dear one. But we must caution you to use care. She is much the best instrument for us the way she is, mentally."

That is a great truth of which I was well aware. It is the best proof we have that their own mentality does not enter into their work. I am at liberty to reveal these events now. She has rejoined her mate, on a plane of expression where it is safe to speak the truth, and where the untruthful cannot enter. I have received more than one message from both, in which he expresses his gratitude for the service I rendered, and she her surprise at



how well I understood the nature of their work and its value to a misguided world.

After leaving their home we exchanged letters, and later on she wrote:

“I have been rather despondent of late, and must tell you that Carlisle came yesterday and said that there was a letter in the mail from you; also describing its contents. Then said I to myself, ‘Hallucination at work again!’ But sure enough, the letter was there, and his statement proved true in every way.”

And so, in a way, we are indeed “our brother’s keeper.” When humanity becomes humane, it will realize that the sweetest satisfaction can only be gained thru unselfish service.

In my dealings with sensitives, I never seek material advice. The pure in spirit, being liberated from and wafted out beyond the confines of crude matter, and having as many problems before them to solve as we, they have neither the time nor the ability to aid us in our individual material affairs. But they do have time, and it is a part of their duty, to strive to enlighten us spiritually, so that we may awaken to the wonderful possibilities of the powers of the soul. That was the object St. Paul had in mind when he wrote:

“There are divers gifts, but the same spirits” (soul powers), and “with regard to spiritual things, brethren, I would not have ye ignorant.”

Indeed not. It is high time that humanity took up the study of self, for the physical frame is not us. Such knowledge would help to banish the monster, Superstition, and fit us to establish heavenly conditions on earth. But unless we are clairvoyant or clearaudient, or otherwise sensitive to their approach, those ethereal beings can only reach us by mental impressions, and the mind, well, we

call it our mind, and let it go at that. If we would pay careful heed to the voice within, soul promptings, it would become the guide of guides.

The mental phase, phenomena of mind, is treated of in the letters. And there is another phase called physical phenomena, also spoken of.

It is self-evident that the coarser substances in nature form the lower stratas; a natural condition which follows along the line of attenuation in the evolutionary progress of matter, from which man is not exempt.

We are admonished to "try the spirits, to see whether they be of good or evil intent," and we earnestly wish that the world understood the real import and depth of meaning in that admonition. We frequently hear people say: "I don't know why I did it!" A true knowledge of real life will reveal the seeming mystery.

We have to keep an army of guards with gun in pocket and club in hand to protect us from the crude and vicious yet visible to us. How much more the necessity, then, to be on our guard against the same dangerous class who can roam among us at will, unseen and even unsuspected by the large majority.

The gifted seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, calls them "the meddlesome Diaka." They being of the lower strata, and in close harmony with sordid humanity, find us all too easy of access. That is the class who delight to surround a sensitive (and there are hosts of human beings who now vibrate high enough to be subject to their vicious influence), lower her or him down to their own mental level, and give all sorts of material advice, which cannot possibly be otherwise than worthless.

Our experience is that it is dangerous business to open the psychic door and fraternize with such company. Were our medium to commercialize his sacred gifts, it would

sink him down to the plane among that class, and he would be lost as an instrument of use for those on the refined plane of spirit, called heaven. Such is the caution our coworkers give to us.

It is not so much a question of spirit return, as it is so to live that, when we cast off the mortal covering, we may be sufficiently refined, both physically and mentally, as to be able and willing to leave the selfishness of the earth plane and go where harmony and peace reign. But before we can blend therewith we must have developed harmony—heaven within. And what then? The higher we reach in the scale of refinement, to that degree are we disconnected from the physical, which naturally increases the difficulty of reaching the loved ones on earth.

The dense ignorance with regard to real life, life of the spirit, finds its root largely in the crude ancient and selfish teaching that thru man-made formula and arrogated claims of the power of absolution the red-handed murderer can be absolved and permitted to drop from the scaffold of the lowest degradation into a heaven of harmony, love, and peace. This is a sadly misleading teaching. It is not what we believe, but what we do, from day to day that traces the indelible record on the pages of the book of life. The crude is not converted into the refined thru belief. "Whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye also reap," is the inexorable law. The act of forgiving has no power to right any wrong. The indulgent parent may forgive the child a thousand times for tearing its clothes, but the tear still remains as evidence of the mischief done.

There is no short cut from the crude to the refined in nature's domain. Only by persistent effort and slow growth can we develop the better side in or out of the mortal form. But the inhuman system fostered among us chokes out the better tendencies, and develops only the

sordid greed that makes us inhuman, and lowers us even below the level of the brutes in the forest. It is leading to its ruin, and forcing the terrible house-cleaning now going on. Will there be enough intelligence left of a sufficiently high order to establish a humane system on its ruins? That is the only hope of the race.

We are, as yet, struggling in the commercial age. The one to follow, should be the humanitarian age. The speed of its coming rests in the hands of man. The world is as good as we make it. It never can rise above that source.

A study of the social and the spiritual side of man go hand in hand, with the same aim in view—happiness—Heaven. Instead of being satisfied to await the enjoyment of a heavenly state until we have passed thru the gateway called death, we would set to work and develop humanity and intelligence enough to establish such conditions on the earth plane; then would we also be ripe to harmonize with and help to maintain such conditions on higher planes of unfoldment.

After having passed thru the "second birth," we enter into a higher rate of vibration, so that, whatever our cravings may be, in the same ratio they become more firmly fixed. Therefore, all useless habits should be persistently outgrown on the earth plane. And we assure all who will heed this warning, that they will have eternal cause for thankfulness.

In personal communications during the progress of this work, they have mentioned some of the later arrivals from the earth. Andrew Jackson Davis, John R. Francis, Prof. Carlisle Peterselia, and, later on, his beloved mate, Amelia, which I take pleasure in making known.

As the letters were written about twelve years ago, the author, deeming them amateurish in parts, it being their first effort, she has revised and now considers the work as

good as it is possible to describe the spirit state in the crude language of earth, and thru the unwieldy human organism. Earth comparisons must be used, so that we can understand.

Our very low rate of vibration, as yet, makes the chasm between the two states so wide that the task of communicating is more than herculean. To raise the medium up to the desired vibratory rate would have the same effect as the contact with a high voltage electric battery, and equally dangerous to the physical organism. This explains the cause for the squirming of a sensitive when in contact with this higher vibratory force.

We are at all times wideawake as to any evidence that might point to the truthfulness of the psychic writings given us. Tied to no isms, nor slaves to any creed, we remain unbiased, and retain an open mind. New truths are daily knocking for admission to the intellect of man.

When Miss Lovejoy subscribed her name to the manuscript, the first thought was to trace any living relative. She finally helped us by writing that Elijah P. Lovejoy was a distant relative, and that he met death at the hands of a mob at Alton, Ill.

Being on a visit to my aunt, at Effingham, Ill., a dear soul now in her eighty-fifth year, yet seemingly spry as a kitten, and loved by all who know her, in her home I picked up a St. Louis Post-Dispatch, dated May 4, 1918. I freely confess that my heart gave a few extra thumps as I discovered therein the following confirmation of the reliability of her work:

#### LOVEJOY PRESS TO BE MOUNTED

ALTON MILL WILL HONOR DEFENDER OF FREE SPEECH

The Sparks Milling Co., of Alton, yesterday closed a contract for building a granite pedestal on which to mount the part of

the printing press of Elijah P. Lovejoy, found several years ago in a corner of the mill building.

A bronze tablet will be suspended from the frame of the press, telling that Lovejoy was assassinated in Alton, Ill., by a mob who were opposed to Lovejoy's idea of free speech and the free press.

This added evidence is, indeed, most gratifying and came to hand barely in time to be inserted here.

Tho having many other incidents of interest to relate, I must now bring my part of this work to a close. We wish it understood that we do not care to find fault with what has been. The crude can only express itself in the crude. But the human intellect is rapidly expanding, and notice must be taken of the fact that Justice can be juggled with only about so long before outraged nature will surely retaliate. The letters we offer as received, simply having acted as the amanuensis for the Author. It is beyond our power, however, to convey the many proofs we have had that they, tho revealing but the shell of the grander truths within, are real communications from Beyond the River.

LEWIS PETERSON.

## AUTHOR'S NOTE



HE earth's vari-colored disk hung low in our western atmosphere, when Solon made his way from the library to the observatory tower of the academy. To those who knew him it was evident that the great teacher was perplexed to an unusual degree. His head was bent forward as if heavy with the weight of thought, his brow furrowed with stern resolution; in short, his entire being bespoke courage, faith and purpose.

The time according to earth's calendar was 1914, just seven years since we had succeeded in delivering a few fragmentary messages to our friends by way of a child's hand in a cottage at Long Beach, Calif. This hand was very pliable at the time, and we had great hopes of bringing out some valuable work, then, but things interfered. First of all the boy was penniless, and due to a previous bereavement, broken in health and depressed in mind; our work aggravated that condition so much that in order not utterly to destroy him we had to relinquish our control.

This done, he was carried hither and thither by a stream of events. Connection now became next to impossible. Earth's powers held him in thrall. He could not be reached except at rare intervals when we could place him under some mental strain. Then we could get through a few fragmentary lines, but nothing sufficiently lengthy to be of value as evidence of our existence. Thus seven years had passed and now it was the Spring of 1914, shortly before the world caught fire, and yet nothing more than a series of short essays of more or less general matter had been given whose value was limited, so far, to the

## BEYOND THE RIVER

part of giving conviction to one who already had an abundant assurance. More had to be accomplished, but how?

Already we could see the conflict of nations ripening into flame. Already we saw the tidal wave of woe that was about to envelope the earth and sweep millions into the arms of Death, and other millions away from their spiritual moorings and cast then as flotsam and jetsam upon the waters of doubt and despair. The world was about to be plunged into a baptism of fire and blood from which it was to arise with a new life, made glorious thru the opening of a new era. But in the meantime, the nursing, the comforting, the consoling, the keeping bright the heavens of hope thru the long gloomy night of despair was to be ours. We knew it, but Solon felt it.

From the window of the observatory he could see the great disk of earth. Here he could visualize all that was about to happen. He knew that it was useless to communicate and tell the world what was coming; for mankind does not act upon advice, but upon necessity, and the world woe was a necessity. It came to shear away the old, to make room for the new. Heaven could not stop it. Hell could not add to it. It was as inevitable in the course of things as the pains of parturition, hence it was useless to attempt to say a word.

It was the nursing of the unripe fruit, it was the consoling of the bereaved, it was the desire to keep hope alive that brought Solon to the tower. It was his desire to send, not a club to break the lance, but to breathe a word of hope to those who suffer losses, to keep aglow the fire of faith, without which life becomes hopeless, and even victory becomes defeat.

This war now raging, is not a war against men, but a war of principle. It is the struggle of the "we" against



## AUTHOR'S NOTE

the "I," the battle of humanity against selfishness. That is why we have waited until now when the waves of anger have touched the very shores of our bright land, to send out these essays written more than ten years ago to the parents, sisters, brothers and sweethearts of our men who have given themselves as a sacrifice that the world may be made safer, and liberty more certain for the masses of mankind throughout all the coming years.

LUCELIA A. LOVEJOY.



## FOREWORD

To those who are seeking for light, these letters are inscribed with the hope that they may encourage those who are heavy laden with the burden of fear, and who wend their way through a veritable desert of life, making their days dark, where they should be bright, their hearts despondent, where they should be glad.

If we succeed or fail, our success or failure is only measured by the comfort, and not the wealth they bring.

With love to all and for all; with charity for the erring and hope for the lost; with kindness pursuing the duties of life, I wish that you may hand to the world such a message as will touch and cheer the hearts in sadness bound, and pour sweet balm into the gaping wounds of sorrow deeply cleft.

Bring healing to each heart in pain,  
Repeat the words again—again;  
There is no Death; forevermore  
We live and love on yonder shore.

THE SPIRIT AUTHOR.



## FROM FLESH TO SPIRIT

### Letter 1



WAS not aware of my transition from a material to a spirit plane of existence. It seemed as tho I had been suddenly transplanted from one reality into another—from a world of storm and stress to a world of peace and calm ; a state in which there was sunlight and starlight, vital and real.

The naturalness of my surroundings surprised me, for I had been assiduously and sincerely fed on what to me was an indigestible mass of priest-made mental food, consisting not of spiritual truths spiritually discerned, but of human desires borne of the unholy marriage of Ignorance and Greed. I had been taught that heaven was attained only by the few, and that the many were lost.

I had been told of streets of gold, gates of pearl, and jasper walls. I had been taught to believe in winged angels, and all the other man-made concepts of power and glory. You may therefore imagine my surprise, when I found myself in what might be called a workaday world. It must not be imagined that when I say workaday world, that it is in any way sordid. Labor born of love is never sordid, and nature tuned to vibrate in harmony with the soul is to that soul so attuned, heaven. Heaven is not cloudland nor starland. Heaven is any land where love and joy—twin sisters of God—rule the day and guard the night.

I was born in the Southern wilderness, a daughter of pioneering parents. Our home was rustic and rude. The culture and refinement of civilization were to me un-

known. The masters of intellect for me did not exist. Books, music and statuary, speech and song, were but slightly cultivated. I was a child of the wilderness, loving the brooks, the pine woods, and the meadows. I rejoiced in the song of birds and the call of beasts, perhaps to you a strange mixture of wondrous hopes and childish fears, born of familiarity with danger, and of fears instilled by traditional superstition. From all this I was suddenly transplanted into a land of rolling hills and cloudless skies; from a life of fear and fancy to a calm and Sabbath-like serenity. It was bewildering, to say the least.

But I dare say that you are more interested in the land I had found, the world of spirit, than in the land I had left, the world of matter. At least, you will feel that way while reading these letters. I can fancy you asking the question: "What kind of a world did she find upon awakening from the shock?"

This story is told with some difficulty, not for lack of facts, but for want of words at once familiar to you and me. You know only what your senses report, and they report only the things of matter. Therefore, in order to make ourselves understood, it is necessary to use material terms. It is therefore unavoidable that these terms can but inadequately describe the things among which we live and move. My description can be but a photographic copy of a wondrous masterpiece.

Upon regaining consciousness, I found that I had not been carried to the sky by angels' hands. As I had lived, so I died, and, carefree, I floated into the zone of my magnetic attraction, and as a carrier pigeon sometimes alights on a neighbor's roof before going to its own cot, so I alighted here in this meadow, as we will have to call it.

The pines, my joy and shelter on earth, were far in the

distance, purple against the glistening mountain crags. This term, however, does not adequately describe the undulations of the spiritual planes. These mountains are not white with snow and ice. They are a crystalline, ethereal substance of wondrous beauty, and their permanence far surpasses that of the mountains of earth, because they are formed of the ether, which is the matrix of all matter.

As I have said, at their foot is a pine forest, vast in magnitude and forming a purple belt of inspiring beauty between the mountains and the meadows. These meadows are more like a large plane, dotted here and there with modest dwellings, generally surrounded by ornamental groves. I might here remark that the houses are not modest because of poverty; the reason is to be found in the fact that the inhabitants have to care for them, which makes a large dwelling a burden instead of a blessing.

Soul types that cannot be happy without servants naturally gravitate to the companionship of the servile, and as there is, of need, a contrast between the server and the served, friction always exists, and to the degree that inharmony is found, to that degree happiness must be absent. Therefore we find in this sphere no display of great wealth, but only modest expressions of human needs—such needs as, unassisted, we can easily supply. Such are the reasons why the meadows are not dotted with large and costly dwellings.

In this sphere there is neither idleness nor stress. It is a land to which the stronger individualized types of man and woman gravitate. Those who, while standing on their own feet, do not permit anyone to ride, altho they may suffer the weak to lean on them.

When I awoke from my transition sleep, I found myself in this meadow, under the sheltering foliage of a

cypress-like tree. At my feet sparkled a crystalline brook, and beyond it were trees of many different species, but not of a sufficient density to obstruct a view of the open country beyond, with its sheep-dotted pastures and vine-embowered houses.

On the other hand, and beyond a magnificent stretch of verdure, I could see the buildings and towers of a large city. This city, by the way, contains no smokestacks, as fire, being a destructive element, has no power here.

The processes of production are carried on along different lines, and in many cases for very different purposes, than with you.

Such is a faint outline of the new land in which I found myself. Unaware of my transition, I sat, at first, pondering over the beauty of my surroundings. Then began to wonder where I might be, and what had transported me here. While thus I was soliloquizing, two men approached. One was a fatherly looking old gentleman, who addressed me kindly and inquired where I might be going. Upon being told that I considered myself lost, he pointed to the great orb, the earth, that hung like a monster moon on the spiritual horizon. He said that my home had been there, and that my folks would ere long follow me.

This frightened me greatly. I had no real concept of the beauty of nature. To my mind, I was a sinner worthy of the worst. So, to realize that the die was cast was nothing less than a supreme shock.

I fancied the city that stretched like a low cloud before me must be the New Jerusalem, and that these men were God's messengers, come to take me to my reckoning, and I was not uncertain as to the fate awaiting me, as measured by the religious standards of my mother.

I was so frightened that I paid no attention to the smile



on the old man's lips. I could only cry out: "Oh, don't take me to that city; I cannot see God, now!" Said he: "I shall not take thee to the city, nor can I take thee to thy God. Thy God is within thyself, and there thou must find him. But come, let us go to my home, and there thou wilt learn who I am and why I came for thee."


This old gentleman proved to be my grandfather, whom I had never seen on the earth plane, and his house was cared for by a maiden aunt, Esther. Here I was kindly cared for until my strength permitted me to take an active part in the affairs of this new life. When we arrived at his home, I found my sister, Rosie, who had preceded me by a few hours, and I learned that we were to be followed by other members of the family soon.

This took place in the year 1834, A. D., of your time, and yet it was but lately that my father completed the journey this far. He had strong earthly inclinations, which overbalanced his love even for us for a time. Grandfather told me as much the next day after my arrival. This was hard for me to believe, but time has proven that he had to play with the chaff of life until he became hungry for the grain. He is now with us, drawn hither by our continuous mental efforts, and by him becoming tired of the things that bind the soul. That, in his case, was not drunkenness, nor violence, but just mental heaviness. His soul could love only the concrete—the things of material sense, which held him to the material realm.

In this sphere we have our griefs and sorrows, thistles and thorns of pain. If it were not so, how could we appreciate the pleasures and delights? These and many other things I learned during the first few days of my existence in the Summerland.

## KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

### Letter 2

 HE new world in which I found myself was indeed a heaven of rest, but in no sense a place of idleness. Here in spirit land, as in earthly spring-time, everything is young and vital, and breathes unwearied activity. There is no drudgery, but only tasks of love. Love of doing is the motive power of our existence.

I, while upon the earth, had loved the wild; not for the wildness, but for the abundance of living forms. I had longed to learn the name of every bird and to master its song. I stained many a page of the old family Bible with the flowers I pressed. I wanted to know every beast and bird. This was my heart's desire.

I told grandfather of my hopes along these lines, and he decided to take me to a large academy, where I could learn all these things. He proposed that we go at once, but to that I objected. I wanted to earn some money, so that I could pay my way, as it was phrased, on earth. I smiled at his suggestion, saying: "Why, grandpa, only the rich can afford such an education." To which he replied:

"Child, you are not now on earth. There we buy these things with silver and gold that is taken from the earth. Here we pay with love, that cometh from the heart. In our world matter has no power. Only the silver of sympathy and the gold of kindness rule. Love is the legal tender of the soul. Prepare then to go, for tomorrow we shall be on our way."

Our journey from the midst of the valley to the foothills was very interesting. Everything was fresh and radiant. A strange feature was that physical labor seemed

to be nowhere in evidence. Toil seemed to be unknown. Was this, then, a world of perpetual rest? I asked grandfather in regard to this, to me, so strange a phenomenon, and he said that "physical labor ends with physical life, as a general rule, but that the coarser spirits, mostly savages of all races, could occasionally exert a limited amount of physical force, but that we could not affect physical matter. Having passed beyond the bounds of the physical, we have awakened to the spiritual. Here we labor with the power of the will."

We now arrived at a point in our journey where the scene changed. The homelike valley with its homes, gardens, fields and domestic animals, was left, while around and about us were the foothills of the mountain range toward which we had been journeying. Heavy forest, thick with underbrush, was all about us. Myriad little streams made music far and near. Higher up on the hills we could see a kind of stunted growth, while still higher up the mountainside the crags became quite naked and barren.

We traveled along a narrow path that led into an almost woodless tract. In the midst of this was a large building of Corinthian construction and partially surrounded by less pretentious but nevertheless beautiful houses. The immediate environs were beautified by large lawns studded with numerous flower beds. A short distance to the right of the main entrance was a large pond, the surface of which was as placid as a summer night—a mirror reflecting the ethereal blue of the cloudless sky above.

What impressed me even more than the buildings was the vast throng of young people that seemed to move everywhere; in the gardens, on the lawns, by the side of the pond, in the woods, and on the distant hills they moved, as the deer in the forest, carefree and happy. To me it

was a most pleasing scene. But when I was told that these young people were students, and that I was soon to become one of them, an unaccountable fear seized me. I became really frightened, for bashfulness, at that time, was my chief characteristic.

We entered a rather somber looking hall, furnished with a few plain seats. Here grandpa asked me to wait while he would go and see the professor. In a few moments that seemed as eternities to me, he returned and said that the important personage was ready to see me. The emotions that these words awakened are difficult to describe. Religious awe—well, that might express it in part. His words of welcome, however, banished all fear, and gave me a mystic sense of ease for which I was profoundly grateful. After a few irrelevant remarks, he slowly turned the trend of conversation upon the business in hand. He did this so graciously that I was not even aware that I had given him the information he desired. I was expecting to be confronted with questions far beyond my ken.

I said that I loved the natural world, and would like to learn all its laws and mysteries. To this he replied:

“Philosophy! Child, you are seventy-five years ahead of your time. I, Solon, have been here many, many years, teaching and guiding, but you are the first soul who, at your age, ever manifested any such desire. Well, we will help you. You shall learn all that we can teach, and still more. There is no limit to knowledge. Before you are the scrolls of infinity.

“A person in spirit life acquires knowledge faster than on earth. Memory is next to absolute. The task of memorizing, so burdensome on earth, is with us but a very slight effort.”

Writing is not done by hand, but by projection. This

way of writing was a great surprise to me. I saw the professor tear off a piece of paper, and almost instantly it covered itself with writing; at least that was the way it appeared to me. But I was to learn later that this paper was chemically prepared, so that it turned into a rich amber color when the concentrated thought force of the projector struck it, in much the same way as you would burn tracings upon wood with the aid of the solar rays.

The professor arose and asked me to follow. He led the way into a lecture room and assigned me to a seat. He then said that, while there were no ironbound rules governing the school, they would have to insist that I master all the elementary branches first, and to master them thoroughly, as a house without a firm foundation cannot stand. I was only too glad to obey.

Grandpa and the professor now took their departure and left me, I was going to say, alone. Surely I felt that way. I was, however, left in charge of a lady, who proceeded to familiarize a class, of which I was one, with the work in her department. She led us thru a conservatory of flowers, from every land and clime of earth. Mosses from the icebound coast of Greenland, as well as ferns from the dreamy Amazon. She explained the reason for their existence, and why it is that the blossoms are so perfect in spirit life, and why fruit forms seedless here. It was marvelous how many things she told us in the short time that she was speaking.

An attendant passed us paper, and as she came to me said: "Do you know how to project writing?" I replied in the negative. She explained how it was done, after which I took notes from the lectures given, which I will now use in an effort to give the simple truth to the world.

Our world, like yours, uses Socratic methods of teaching. Questions and answers are the system of education

here. These questions and answers will, of course, interest the reader most, as they deal with simple problems of which the people of earth are yet so densely ignorant.

We were dealing with earth's flora and its spirit birth. The question was asked: "When the lilac blossom falls from the stem, on earth, does its spirit rise up to us?" Of course there was a difference of opinion, which led to a general discussion, the result of which, when under competent guidance, was very beneficial to all concerned. Then said the teacher: "We will now demonstrate." Calling a boy who had lost an arm in mortal life, she asked:

"Samuel, when you lost your arm on earth, did its spirit come up to us?"

"No," he answered, "I could feel it with me all the time."

"Even so," she said, "it is with the lilac, the lily, and the rose. So long as their roots live in the earth, the spirit of the plant remains there; but when the root and plant die on earth, then their life begins here.

"Here, among plants, as well as among active life, love is the acme of all bliss; for it brings not after it the pain of birth, as it does upon earth. The plant gravitates here, and its noblest expression is to blossom, as man's noblest expression is to love, with a deep, far-reaching and all-embracing devotion."

These things were demonstrated by many tests, but it would require too much space to tell in detail even a few of the many things we learned in the preparatory departments of this great school; for the school curriculum is different in many respects from those we find upon earth. We begin where you leave off, and consign all to the power you call death. After the mortal is dropped, the spirit comes to us, and we study it and the relation we bear to it.

The vegetable world presented to my mind a vast store

of wonder, especially when in the course of instruction we learned that all kinds of vegetation does not come up to us, any more than all mankind, and that even here immortal principles, in many varieties of the vegetable kingdom, are but slightly understood. These difficulties being, of course, of an entirely metaphysical character, I consider it useless to enter into a detailed discussion of them. There are far more important subjects that lie closer to the human heart, and which are of deeper value to those who, as yet, inhabit the mortal plane.

As I have stated, we are above or beyond the physical bounds of the material, and are not encumbered by compact matter. Yet we realize form, weight, time, as it relates to events, very much as you do. Our conception is keener, the faculty of acquiring and rejecting becomes stronger and more accurate. But all these things need development, so as to be directed into proper channels. This helps us onward and saves many disappointments. That is why the schools are so powerful a factor in our world.

This world or sphere of ours is purely intellectual; that is, to us come all who aspire high, whether they have climbed on earth or not. Ambition must find its vent in channels of truth. As soon as we can, we begin to climb, and the schools, with their competent teachers, are a blessing that can hardly be overestimated.

Every mortal cherishes memories, because there is so much that apparently flees from us. And this cherished little goddess is to her or him, everything. This, too, is one of the things which the school helps us to correct. Strange, you may say, yet it is true. We teach to forget—forget the world, forget the past—for the past can never be eternity, and it would become too long to think about.

We rather cultivate expectancy. The prospect is every-

thing. The retrospect avails us little. Do not misunderstand me that we are taught to be careless or loveless. No, no! We only learn to forget the nonimportant details of our mortal, yes, and even of our spiritual, sorrows as well, from the book of memory.

It is not profitable for mortals to speculate about spirit worlds, so long as they have but a trivial knowledge of terrestrial things. It will therefore suffice for the present to say that I graduated out of the common branches of Natural Science and was well along in the higher philosophy by the time that true spirit phenomena was recognized by a few mortals on earth.

Solon's theory of the possibility of reaching the carnate world was proven beyond a doubt. The Fox sisters, at Hydeville, N. Y., were the first to bring the physical world in touch with the spiritual. And as superstition has always been the world's curse, this simple and direct evidence, given thru innocent children, was distorted into the weird phantasmagoria of orthodox theology; a stain from which it has not freed itself to this day.

The first writing was projected thru the mediumship of a young girl, who, if yet on the earth plane, would now be an elderly lady, but who is no longer encumbered with that existence. I was given the honor of making the first experiment, under the direction of our great professor, as he in person would be too strong to overshadow her delicate organism. We then set to work and educated her, so that her brain might be developed to the highest state of usefulness. Of course, we only instilled courage, and she gained a fair material education, which was a blessing to us, for without a good development of the brain no lofty thought can be expressed.

By this time the English-speaking part on earth became more and more awake to the truth of our existence, and



many great spirits (by this we mean men and women of sincerity and intellect) succeeded in impressing those of earth to reveal the truth, as best they could, with the instruments at hand. Our accomplishment was not long a secret, and as we carried on a somewhat broken correspondence with our friends on earth, the powers of ignorance became aware of it, and began to impress their undeveloped thoughts and conceits upon the minds of men, and representing themselves to be men of genius.

By the time my course of study was finished, I had developed a love for poetry and art, for my years of study had imprinted nature, in all its grandeur, into my very soul, and the time had arrived that the knowledge I had gained should be brought into use. I therefore went to my beloved teacher shortly after graduating, and told him that I would like to put my knowledge into practice, and he said :

“You are strong now, therefore you should take your place among those who combat error here and those who work for the emancipation of souls on earth, for in proportion that we improve conditions there we improve our conditions here. Therefore, labor in love and patience. There has just been a savage war on earth, as you well know, so that there are many wounds to heal, both here and there. I have taught you how to work, labor then in usefulness. Inspire rather the poet, than the soldier ; the lover, rather than the curate. Look fo. those who possess the greatest amount of knowledge, for they will understand that Knowledge is Power.”

## THE WORK OF PHILIP CARLISLE

### Letter 3

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in our philosophy."



UR world, how shall I describe it? It is but earth sublimated, etherealized, so to speak. It is a real world, not inhabited by mortals, for the same reason that confines the fish to the sea. They live in a fish world. Man lives a man's life in a mortal world, and a spirit lives a spirit's life in the spirit world.

The deep sea fish die when brought to shallow water.

The northman cannot long survive a torrid clime, and the heavy spirit cannot abide in a plane of refinement.

Behold the natural law in the spiritual world.

These and many kindred things I learned during my school days. When they were over, I returned to my home in the valley. After years of arduous occupation a person, mortal or immortal, craves rest and, may I say it, relaxation and quiet. For a time, at least, I wanted to forget earth and its troubles, school and its care, and remember only mother and those I love; for in the genial magnetic warmth of unselfish devotion, the soul recuperates and is filled with the purest inspiration. This and more I found at mother's home.

It was a simple cottage, rustically finished, and surrounded with lawns and bushes that betrayed no lack of care, and located upon a peninsula-like point of land that was formed by a sharp curve in the stream. (This is the same stream that flows past grandfather's house, some distance below, and which we have described in a former letter.) To the rear is the forest, while in front, beyond

the stream, are the meadows. The location is ideally suited to our temperament. It is the embodiment of simplicity externally, while within it is an oasis of comfort and pleasure. In all, there was perfect harmony. Without, the harmony of nature; within, the harmony of souls.

Within, it was plainly yet tastefully decorated. Several pictures hung on the parlor walls, together with large portraits of grandma and grandpa. Around the room were arranged a few neatly upholstered chairs, a sofa, and in the corner stood a small cabinet. In the center of the room was a heavy wooden table of antique style, and on it was a large vase filled with flowers. Directly over the table hung an old-fashioned lamp. Such was the parlor of our home. (The reason there were so many old-fashioned articles was that mother came from Quaker stock, a sect who cling rigidly to the old, and believe that simplicity of life is essential to their dream of salvation.) This room faced the open country—that is, towards the brook. To the right of it was sister's room, to the rear of this was my room, then mother's. These three bedrooms comprised the entire left side of the house, while the parlor and the dining room comprised the right side. The kitchen and pantry were at the rear, and built onto the main part of the house.

Such is the place I call home. I love it for its simplicity, but most of all for the joy I find therein—a joy that transcends all other pleasures.

Natural law is oftentimes cruel, or seemingly so, for it takes husband away from wife, or the reverse, according to earthly conception, or parts friends by death or distance; but one thing it cannot part, and that is the bond of love between a real mother and her child. When I arrived at home, mother and sister greeted me at the door, and for the rest of the day we were busy hearing each

other's experiences and in forming plans for the future. When the conversation lagged, Rosie took her mandolin and, I can only say that she proved herself to be an artist.

In the days that followed we spent much time walking in the surrounding woods. One day straying slowly along a winding path we came to a hut that looked as if it had been hastily erected. Rosie informed me that a man stayed there occasionally who on earth had been called a hermit, but that with us he was known as a prophet, deeply interested in the growing agnosticism of mankind; for we know that agnosticism bends the mind to material considerations only, and makes it difficult for the spirit to unfold. This, however, does not mean that a good thoughtful agnostic is not more spiritual than a blindly believing church member who does not think.

We inspected the premises. Rich and rustic as they were, there seemed to be, in the arrangement of everything, a strange mingling of poetic ideals and scientific accuracy, and the place interested me greatly. While thus engaged in observing and delineating the man's character from his work, the wizard of the forest suddenly appeared before us. I had formed mental pictures of his personality, but in these I found myself quite wrong. He approached, and upon recognizing my sister, who had met him before, said, "Be welcome to my house," as she introduced me. "Let us go in," said he, "and perhaps I can tell something new about our mother world. I have heard that you take great interest in such things." I urged him to come with us to our home, a proposal warmly seconded by Rosie. She admired the old gentleman very much.

"I might as well do that," said he. "It would be a pleasure to see your mother. And then, I dare say, there will be a little music." Looking at me, he asked: "Do you also play?" I confessed that I was not very proficient. "And

you a sister to Rosie," he chided, smiling. During the remainder of the day we discussed many problems connected with the work in which we were mutually interested.

He had a marvelous grasp on the mental working of the incarnate world, in all its manifestations. He had just returned from an extended stay on the mortal plane, and mother asked how things were going there.

"There seems to be a general improvement," said he. "Old errors are gradually being critically examined, and much that was held sacred is being discarded. New things are being brought to light. There is a general rush forward. A sort of a spiritual anarchy, that defies all guidance, has taken possession of the race. It is, I think, the logical reaction that follows the breaking of the religious chain that for ages past has held the soul in bondage to error. Men have used common sense in all matters save that of the soul. This they have always considered beyond the reach of investigation, and gave it up to blind faith, controlled by the interest of priestcraft.

"The spiritual emotions have, until recently, been entirely the prey of superstition. Then, when men began to investigate, they began at the wrong end. Instead of investigating the spirit within, they began to investigate superstition without, which, of course, was easily proved to be fallacious, and the material or conscious mind came to the conclusion that mortal existence was all there is of life. By this, the already malformed spiritual attributes became for a while hopelessly confused, and for many made life a meaningless existence. Under such a system of free thought only men and women of genius strive to make life ideal. The rest eat, drink, and are merry at others' expense, often."

I then asked the speaker if he thought this state of affairs could be overcome, and he answered:

"Most assuredly; it is being overcome. More and more spiritual knowledge is being projected from us to the earth plane, and since this knowledge has been disseminated thru sensitives or mediums, as you well know, much of the darkness is being cleared up, and while but a comparatively few as yet accept it in full, all are touched by it.

"The hardest agnostics, and the narrowest worshipers of superstition, feel the soothing influence that it sheds into the soul of mankind, and it brings floods of water upon the lurid flames of orthodox hell, until it is lost sight of in its own dying smoke.

"We have several people upon earth thru whom we project the truth thru the phase of mediumship called mental. This phase will, I think, become the beacon light of the toiling marines upon the sea of life.

"There is another kind of phenomena called physical, which is always, or mostly so, brought about by the undeveloped part of the human race. Those who are anxious to see something mysterious come together, and by so doing they draw the excarnate, who, for want of better employment, usurp the place of those beings who sincerely try to help mankind, and masquerade most shamefully as poets, sages, or even gods. These spirits are people who lived in earth life, with no higher incentive than just to live. Thus unprincipled there, they are the same on their arrival at the densely populated planes of their kind, and gloat over the deception of the mortal, whom they cause to look upon the phenomena with devotion. Yes," he continued after a moment's reflection, "they do these things, and their polluted atmosphere often sinks the medium down to their own level, so that even

they begin to resort to trickery, and have been known to bodily masquerade as the form of the departed. Such are the conditions upon earth as I found them."

Mother drew a long sigh, and said:

"I see, it is the same old world still, full of deception. Thank God I am out of it. Let them go on, I shall endeavor to forget it."

"And so shall I," said Rosie; "I have no more to do with it."

I, however, had more to do with it, and I knew it. I meant to do all in my power to ease the load until the last earth-cord is broken.

Rosie brought her mandolin and also the harp, and together we played and sang, "If I were a voice, a persuasive voice, I would fly on the wings of air." The old man's soul seemed lost in the music. In his deep grey eyes shone the light of sympathetic love, such as includes all things in its fond embrace. When the music ceased, he raised his head and said:

"What a world of meaning in those notes and words! But why do you sing, 'If I were a voice, a persuasive voice?' My dear ladies, you are a voice, soothing, healing. You and I can soar on the wings of air. We can enter the hearts of men; we can bring comfort and solace to mankind. We must do that, for it is true that only as we labor towards the highest god that we can perceive can we attain the highest reward.

"I have seen upon earth a man," said he, "who is a power in himself. He breaks down and tears away the ancient errors to which many people have held fast, thus cutting the soul adrift. This brings peace to the intellectual only. The ignorant and the sluggish, being thus deprived of hope of reward for honest effort, or fear of the future, start on a downward path. If the voice of

you and me, then, can enter into the hearts of such, and show them the truth of immortality, then shall our world blossom as the morning-glory, and as the azure sky shall our land be bright."

While we were meditating the problems of bettering conditions upon earth, I heard a slight commotion, and looking out of the window I saw grandfather and Solon, the great teacher, approaching. In pleased surprise I exclaimed, "Well, well!" and hastened to the door to admit them. Upon entering, my former teacher saluted us kindly. Then turning, he saw our guest, who smiled and arose. Solon seemed pleased to see him here, and they shook hands cordially, as also did grandpa. As was his habit, Solon at once proceeded with his business by asking Mr. Carlisle if he had been successful in his latest experiment upon the mortal plane.

"To a certain extent I have," he answered, "but as a whole the work finds very slow acceptance."

"Don't talk about slow," said the professor. "Are there not oceans of time in eternity?"

"To be sure," replied the other, "but let us take it as if it were an emergency. The earth has been in darkness so long, and even now is far from being in the light."

"Well," said the professor, "it is with that in mind that I make this visit." Then turning to me, he said:

"How would you like to do such missionary work?"

I told him that my mind had not changed, and that my hopes were as bright as ever along that line.

He then informed us who were interested, that we might make regular visits to earth, and be on the lookout for honest mediums or psychics, thru whom we could communicate to the world a certain knowledge of immortality. Further said he:

"I will gather around us a number of distinguished men



and women who will operate thru such psychic. We will select from those who but lately came to us, as they can state the facts plainer than those who have outgrown mortal tastes and desires.”

Mother now entered, and after the exchange of greetings the great man complimented her upon our pleasant home and its surroundings, after which the subject in hand was continued. It was agreed that I return to the academy with the professor and arrange matters there. He had been informed that several noted men were about to come up to us, and we desired to arrange for their reception. Grandfather now took my hand, and in his characteristic way said :

“Well, child, thou hast labored and prospered, and hast been a blessing to thy mother. Now, then, mayest thou prosper in thy work among our brethren. If I had thy wisdom, verily, I would go and teach, even as thou. But let me be content to wait and to learn.”

Then kissing mother goodby, I was ready to go. Our teacher in the meantime had taken leave of the prophet, and had requested him to instruct grandfather, mother, and sister, and explain to them the importance of our work, which he agreed to do to the best of his ability.

While walking in the shade of the forest, Solon remarked :

“There is one thing about your home that appeals to me, and that is its Godlike simplicity of structure and the divine sincerity of those who dwell therein. If I can have my way, earth shall know the story of your home in spirit land.”

## AMONG THE RUINS

### Letter 4

“Sweet is the thought of victory,  
Tho not on gory fields;  
But rather in pure industry  
Where toil its harvest yields.”



N arriving at the academy, we found several of those who had been earth's most prominent people awaiting us. Among them were Thomas Paine, Benjamin Franklin, Sir Isaac Newton, Bacon, and Voltaire. This is not his real name, but I use it because it is best known on the earth. John Stuart Mill and Robert Collier were also among the assembled guests.

You may think it strange that men of so vast a difference in religious opinion could harmonize here. But that only illustrates the fact that it is not what we believe, but what we do, that counts and raises us to a high level of spiritual progress.

Religion is the intellectual womb of the race. In it all sciences are conceived and nurtured, until they are born into objective reality, and become a part of our conscious and verified knowledge. Herein lies the difference between science and religion:

Science is what we know to be true, having demonstrated its reality. Religion is what we conceive to be true, but which is beyond the realm of verification.

All these souls labored earnestly for mankind. Their brains were brilliant as stars on a frosty night. They had the imagination of poets, the sincere souls of children.

That is why they were with us. One drop of sincerity is better than an ocean of belief. I was introduced to those I had not met, and to their ladies. You notice that I say ladies, and not wives. The fact is that some of these people had more than one wife or husband upon earth; and some whose wife or husband vibrated on an entirely different plane of intelligence, who, therefore, could not reach them here.

Physical or temporal existence often brings forth but physical or temporal wife or husband, and that is why it is sheer folly for you to limit eternal harmony to your temporal existence.

You might think that there were only men present, but such is not the case. Here in this world we meet our due equal sooner or later, and we even marry, as on earth, for the sake of convenience, as this soul-union is not likely to be brought about in the lower grades of spirit existence. It is well known to us that some stay in spirit life many years before their soul-mates, as we call them, come up to them, which change, when consummated, is the end of spirit existence; for after that we develop into angelhood, and gradually lose the memory of our earth existence.

This, however, never comes about until both are intellectually fitted for the change—that is, they must at least have passed the fifth sphere or plane of progression. However, those who marry here and, not being soul-mates, understand each other, when the right time comes, each will join his or her other self, and the one who is left does not feel cast off, but retains the good will of the other, until he or she also meets their due equal.

Nature is not ideal. One is torn from the other by the inexorable law of change. The one to progress upward, and the other to remain, perhaps to associate with

others, while the one who has progressed may meet the true mate and thus become perfected.

Love can here be expressed for the right one only. For the other, the association is mere companionship. Nature itself rules in a way that all will understand when they arrive here.

These men, as I have said, were awaiting our arrival. When the meeting had been opened, Solon delivered an address, telling us that it was now thirty years of earthly time since men had come into conscious contact with the spirit realm. Because we all know that long before Modern Spiritualism was known upon earth, we could impress, inspire, and partially control men. But it is only from that time, that our existence has been widely demonstrated and disputed.

While we build up for the elevation of mankind, ignorant influences have also entered the field, often actuated by sympathy for someone in the body, in trying to give material advice, and so destroying the beautiful temple of light which we were erecting, by undermining the individuality of men, and furnishing some with an excuse for crime by taking refuge in the theory of obsession, and also breaking the spirit of self-development in others, while waiting for knowledge to be poured into their untutored brain.

"Spiritualism is falling," said Solon, "from the height of the ideal to the mire of materialism. Alas, our fair city is crumbling into ruin, and where once was heard the angel's voice we now see and hear the fortune teller alongside the worker for the forces of light, both trying to tell what the future has in store for those who come to them. Truth may be trodden down by its oppressors, but from under its dominant feet it shall rise again and stand erect.

“We are not the only society that labors for this end, and we do not represent all nations. Kant, Bruno, and Spinoza, intellectual stars of other races, are doing their part to the mental advancement of the world. We call upon them as fellow-workers, that they may give us their advice, for we certainly need their counsel and their wisdom.

We have now upon the earth plane two writing mediums who place before the people the truth in two forms, one upon strictly scientific basis and the other in the form of romance, and thru these the world has learned much, of our existence.<sup>1</sup>

“Thru one of these will be given, ere long, the story of my other self [Upon hearing this the assembly applauded], and also the story of our life here, for, tho that opens higher doors to me, I will still work for you all and the mortal world.<sup>2</sup>

“Far from earth-bound tho I be, my actions are prompted by naught but love for the world. From it came I to you, and from it came she to me [A beautiful woman with long, flowing hair, now walked over to his side, and again the audience broke into applause].<sup>3</sup> Can you blame me that I love old Mother Earth? Can you help loving it? Can you fail to weep with me over struggling humanity that lies in the throes of ignorance, torn asunder by the rough hands of credulity?

“Now, we will make it our business, with your permission, to place before the world the truth, in clear,

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<sup>1</sup> This refers to the books of Petersilea, Hudson and Emma Rood Tuttle.—L. P.

<sup>2</sup> This was published as a serial in *The Progressive Thinker* about twelve years ago, entitled “Solon and Mary.”—L. P.

<sup>3</sup> This lady was Mary Anne Carew, the wife of Franz Petersilea and the mother of Prof. Carlisle Petersilea.—L. P.

comprehensive form, thru the means we have in hand, and it is our hope that all may cooperate with us in this great undertaking. The instruments in hand cannot live forever upon the mortal plane, so we must look for their immediate successors, and to that end I would appoint a committee, who will look for worthy instruments in the interest of unpolluted truth."

After dwelling upon the various plans deemed advisable, the meeting was opened for a general discussion. It would be needless, however, to give a detailed account of the proceedings. It is enough to say that we came to the conclusion to do all in our power for the advancement of humanity, and I was numbered among those who should endeavor to procure instruments for present and future use, be they in whatsoever walk of life. The meeting was then adjourned, and after having spoken a parting word to my friends, I took my departure in order to look over the work to be done, and to see what was most sadly needed in the advancement of unpolluted truth.

Upon arriving on the earth plane, I first looked into the quarters where spirit power was recognized, and there, sad to say, chaos reigned supreme, and so far I had only studied the condition of established spiritualism. On viewing the situation, the words of the professor came forcibly to mind, when he said:

"In trying to correct any evil, first locate the cause." So here I stood, face to face with a state of affairs that was indeed complicated and pitiful. "What is the cause of this state of affairs?" I asked myself, and was not long in discovering the answer.

The cause was, first of all, a lack of development. The land swarmed with psychics of various degrees of unfoldment, most of whom had developed just enough to be able to distinguish between a spiritual impression and a

common, ordinary mind-born thought. Having given a few fairly correct tests, they set themselves up as teachers of life and its unexplored mysteries. Teaching all sorts of preconceived theories, no two of which would harmonize, and none of which met the facts, indeed I stood among the chaos of a former glory. Could these scattered stones be restored to anything like an ordinary edifice, and how?

To properly develop all the so-called mediums and banish frauds was impossible; therefore we had to resort to the next best thing, and that was to give as full a vent to the truth as we possibly could thru a few honest, well-developed psychics who were in the field at that time, and further, to be on the lookout for any new light that might spring up. After this had been arranged for, the next thing was to get the partially developed but honest mediums at work, and thru them get the chain of workers of our society together. This was about the year 1885, A. D., of your time.

At that time I found that I could operate best thru those who did not purport to be mediums, or those who knew of their gifts but made no public display of them. But none of those could reach the person (L. P.) in whose hands I wanted to intrust the uniting of the links that should bring our workers upon earth together, and also that he might do a legitimate share in keeping the light trimmed and burning to the very end of the old workers' career.<sup>1</sup>

Two things were uppermost in my mind. One was to let the romantic and spiritual-historic work go on with the instruments we were using, and the other was to bring upon the field of action a new light, who should fill her

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<sup>1</sup> That was the second object in sending me to the Petersilea home.—L. P.

place, and who would manifest other phases of legitimate mediumship. But as it was, I had not even succeeded in making myself known to the person (L. P.) who I knew had to cooperate with me upon the incarnate plane.

I finally solved the problem. By continuous impression I at length got him to write an article which was published in the *Progressive Thinker*, and this being widely read by seekers of truth, I brought it to the notice of a man who had considerable seeing power as well as artistic ability. They entered into a correspondence, and seeing that, I knew my work would be a success. I then impressed my likeness upon the artist's brain, so that when he came in contact with the magnetism conveyed in the letters from the other person (L. P.) he could see me clairvoyantly, and thus was I enabled to present him with the picture now in his possession. Having thus succeeded in the purpose of my visit, I returned home, satisfied that a step in the right direction had been taken to the uplifting of an apparently fallen cause.

So far, I had only connected myself with the conditions of spiritualism, and found it sorely shattered and without center. I would soon return, however, and investigate the spiritual conditions of my race in general. My stay at home was brief, indeed, for I found there several friends of the academy, and with them I went to the school of learning, where a meeting was to be held and a report of our work made. This being done, I again returned to view the spiritual ruins of the world.

Once more I found myself upon the earth plane. I noted carefully the conditions everywhere. Spiritual looseness reigned. The preacher painted lurid pictures of fiery damnation, while many of his hearers looked at each other and smiled. Others were pleading in different directions, and while they succeeded in many cases in arousing and



developing some kind of emotional feelings, in the best classes of society, it was looked upon more as a social fad than as a form of power. Men were losing all faith in any future existence, or held ideas in accordance with their own feelings upon the subject. Even among these classes all was chaos, idle and meaningless show.

The only sign of harmony was found among agnostics, materialists, atheists, and free thinkers generally. They only waited to be confronted with genuine manifestations of spirit power to arrive at an understanding of the real divine truth, that life is eternal. It was gratifying that amongst the ruins and fall of religion this spirit was slowly growing, and I made note of it as only being necessary to present the truth plainly and the world would come to a broader day, as light was already breaking, even into the strongest temples of darkness.

Rome, old, stale, and rotting in her own unprogressive rut, was working hard to keep her followers enslaved. But she is losing; her ancient structures are crumbling more and more.

Protestantism also was getting to be more liberal. In short, their God was becoming more of a gentleman. And here, strange to say, we could see from among the tumbling ruins some of the more progressive getting nearer to the truth. Taking the fallen stones, they builded such forms as Universalism and Unitarianism, while those who were still asleep, or as yet fast bound, also took stones and constructed small, petty, fanatical sects. Superstition was falling, Reason was raising her defying head, and from the flash of her searching eyes the monster Ignorance shrank like a hound before his master's lash.

Such was the condition among the systems that had preyed upon the pious feelings of the human heart. Yes, among the spiritual ruins the soul of men hungered for

food intellectual ; food that should raise them to the truthful understanding of life and its apparent mysteries.

Science could but partially satisfy them, as it embraces but two-thirds of the field. It taught them all about the organic and inorganic kingdoms, but this spiritual kingdom it recognized not. As for the Church, she recognized that kingdom but knew nothing about it. Thus we found upon the world, then as now, ruin, spiritual anarchy among many, total indifference among some, abject fear among the rest.

After having made a complete investigation of the situation as pertaining to the churches, I visited one of her great adversaries, and tried to impress him with the truth, but tho he became milder in his denunciation of the question of immortality, he retained his place in the vanguard of intellectual liberty as long as he lived upon the earth plane.

Having finished this part of my work, I returned from Among the Ruins.

## WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

### Letter 5

“Here the common sense of all  
Shall hold a fretful realm in awe,  
And the kindly earth shall slumber,  
Lapt in Universal Law.”



**T**ANDING among the ruins of crumbling creeds and forms, in the midst of the world wrapt in the darkness of ignorance, we behold the rosy-hued dawn of freedom breaking upon the horizon of human intellect. Everywhere is commotion; everywhere unrest and excitement. Surely the athlete Reason challenges to mortal combat the monster Superstition. Men awaken everywhere, shake off the shackles, and become free. Altars and thrones tremble and fall. The voice of king and priest is drowned by the clamor of the masses. Their influence shrinks like shadows before the rising sun.

“Far up the crystal mountain of human thought we behold the vanguard of the pioneer of intellectual liberty. Satan and Jehovah vanish before it like a wreath of morning mist. Kingdoms of tyranny fall; republics of freedom arise. Men have come to the state where they realize that they have been deluded by the blackness of ignorance, night. But when the light broke, by its first faint ray they recognized their oppressors to be but weak fellow mortals. They are beginning to learn that they fill a place in creation; that homage is due to none; that personal liberty, physical and mental, is the divine right of everyone who draws mortal breath. Such is the condition upon earth. Such is the awakening at the dawn of the intellectual morning.

“Still, not all have seen its radiance. No! Only a comparatively few have arisen and are journeying to meet the light. Others, awaking and finding the light but weak, have turned over and again slumber, only to find themselves far in the rear of human progress. While pitiful to say, there are large masses of people whom it has not yet reached.

“They lie in the thick-walled temples of superstition. They hear the commotion without, and think it a dream. Therefore we must still let the crumbling go on. The fall must be completed. The most lazy sleepers in the still standing edifices of superstition and faith must be exposed to the storms of thought and action; must be shaken by the winds of human progress. Yes, they must be made to realize that the earth is already rosy with the dawn of intellectual freedom.

“Nature is unfolding the brain; making it susceptible to higher and more liberal thought; putting into the soul of man a large interrogation point, the image of which he now sees upon everything. No longer can a robed hypocrite stand between him and his soul. No longer can his ideals be made for him. No, they cannot! The man who has seen the light has had with that the scales removed from his eyes, and has seen around him the ruins of despotism. He has looked away into the azure depths of the sky and beheld their boundless freedom—boundless purity.

“No vengeful being peered down at him from the depths of the silver-lined clouds. In the light he saw the infinite. It was great—far greater than he. He could not harm it; therefore could not be responsible to it. His responsibility, then, must be to his fellow mortals. He learned to love all, and the chains crumbled from his soul.

“In the light of the intellectual morning he saw that in

the heavens of thought there was room for every wing; that each could fly to his own level. Therewith he became liberal. The light illuminated the hills of earth and revealed their wonders. Truth had written its story upon the rocks in characters that testified to their own veracity. They told of former creations—of other men and beasts that had roamed the earth. The light filled the heavens, and among the stars he read the story of nature's grandeur, and began to form conceptions of the Universe. Gradually earth became smaller as his mind enlarged. He realized that he was part of all. Fear left him. Love took its place. No longer was man lord alone. No, sir! His wife became a lady. She too saw the light, and realized that her husband was not her master, but her due equal, and that she had a voice in the affairs of the world; and this right she is slowly but surely winning.

“So the world improves as the light advances. The icebergs of formality and creed melt before the ascending sun of science. The school is built from the ruins of the church. The schoolmaster takes the place of the pastor. The library arises from the ruins of the convent. All these changes are taking place. Slowly, it is true, but even now, while yet in the twilight, we can see the shaping of a happier material existence which, we trust, will make the spirit fit to embrace the truths of immortality. Even in the comparatively few years that spirit life has been demonstrated upon earth, it has done much good in this way. Tho true, it has been stained and polluted by the grave-dust of antiquated creeds.

“We have several strong lights, who bring before mankind, even at this early stage of man's development, at least the partial truth. And while the wicked and the ignorant have taken hold of it for selfish gain, making the phenomena in many cases, to say the least, suspected by

the great mass of the people, yet it is true that even now we have in our ranks some of the foremost leaders of the scientific world. And we know that as the sun rises the shadows will shorten. Men will see farther and farther into the wonders of existence. They will learn how to connect with us, and the laws that govern their being and ours. Then it will be impossible to deceive them, and more, being able to express ourselves fully to the mortal world, we will be able to tell them that it is not well to draw back the spirit and encumber it with matter. This, however, will be unnecessary, for their reason will teach them these things as their minds develop. Then, as they leave the mortal, they will rise above the plane of mortal desire.

“Reason! Oh, thou white-winged messenger of freedom! Enter thou into the homes of men. Wake with the fanning of thy silvery wings the dreamers in the ruins of form. Soar above them, thou beauteous dove of light, so that they may see with thee the freedom of heaven. Let them behold thee above the stormy sea, whose waves wait for no man. Let them behold thee among the mountains, that they may be impressed with their power and splendor. Then teach them to take the stone of crumbling ruin and construct houses where thou canst dwell, thou inspirer of peace and joy.”

Such were the words of our great teacher, as he returned from earth shortly after I had made my last visit. This meeting was held in the great park which constitutes part of the forest upon the hill to the rear of grandfather's house.

It was more than sixty years ago that I had attended a meeting in this park, on our arrival in spiritland. What changes would we have seen upon earth if we visited a place at the age of twenty-four, and again sixty years

later! How aged and broken we would likely be. How unfamiliar everything would appear. Not so here. Instead of having become weaker, we are stronger. Instead of seeing mostly new faces, we saw many that we had seen then, and others with whom we had subsequently become acquainted.

Age, that fell tyrant of earth, which crumples everything into unlovely helplessness, has no power over the spirit and has no power here. Freed from the sway of physical dissolution, the soul unfolds like the morning-glories unfolding in the light of a new-born day. Men do not weaken with us on account of the lapse of time. Even the speaker was the same, not aged, as you would expect. Oh, no! He was grander and stronger, and had developed to a higher state of being. Still, we beheld certain changes. Great men who had but lately left the earth were present, and told how they had doubted and ignored the spiritual factors of existence. Some of them joined our society and agreed to work thru our mediums. Now they were with us, and expressed themselves in eloquent terms. The meeting continued a considerable time, addresses and music following in succession.

Great singers were heard, whose voices moved the multitude to laughter and to tears. One of these, who on earth was known as the Swedish nightingale, sang a spiritual song, a song that has not been heard on earth, entitled, "When Our Mortal Cord Is Broken." When the applause ceased, the assembly was dismissed and we returned to our respective homes, newly consecrated to the work of emancipating the world, and it was a good many years, as you would say, before I attended another meeting in the old park.

In the meantime, it went from bad to worse, spiritually, so far as soul unfoldment on earth was concerned. But

strong scientific interest was aroused in the phenomena of mind as it acts upon matter. This brought the world face to face with unquestionable evidence, and while this brought it down to hard material equation it is, nevertheless, a blessing to the world, as it is the only way that the fact will be empirically recognized by the rank and file of humanity.

After many years of continuous effort, I had occasion to go to another meeting in the old park, as it is called here. And among others, I was surprised to see our old friend, Mr. Carlisle, accompanied by two other men, ascend the platform. Looking over the audience for a few moments, he said:

“Friends, you all know of my labor for the mortal world, and how I strive to uplift humanity. It is needless for me to tell you again the story of my mortal existence. I have told it time and again from this platform. However, one thing I wish to recall to your minds, and that is: I have often told you of a power in mortal life that destroyed, broke down, and cut asunder the forms of spirituality to which men cling. I have also told you but lately that his shadow was growing very dark upon earth. I predicted here that nature would not leave him much longer upon the plane of action on which he was, and this same prediction have I sent to him thru the instrumentality of a medium of our society. He read that message in earth life, thanked the sender, and shortly thereafter came to us.<sup>1</sup>

“Finding not the kind of world he had been taught to expect, having nothing to settle at Gabriel’s office, as he called it when questioning me about the matter, what more

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<sup>1</sup> I was permitted to read that acknowledgment in the Petersilea home by the medium referred to. It bore the signature of Robert G. Ingersoll.—L. P.



can I say than that he labored and expressed the highest thoughts within—yea, expressed them fearlessly. He is now with us, and his brother. As he can do the occasion better justice than I, he will now address you.”

The audience applauded, and the band played a stirring air. When the music ceased, Mr. Carlisle said: “Friends, Col. Robert Ingersoll and his brother.” He then left the platform. Mr. Ingersoll began his address in a deep, musical voice that reached all parts of the large gathering.

“Ladies and gentlemen: I wish to apologize for being here. You see, I expected to travel a farther distance. As it is, the train was a little ahead of time. You will understand that the timetables they have at the stations in my home country I did not believe to be very reliable. And the guides are mostly in the business to earn a living only. So you must excuse me if I am a little ahead of time.

“Nevertheless, as I look about me and see the contented faces, I cannot believe but that all is well. I am here, and have learned another great lesson in the justice of Nature. As I look back along the path of life, I can see but little to regret. Where I have fought, on earth, I have done so with the sincerity of purpose that drove my adversaries from the field. I have done my little best to tear away the fences that bar the flowers of freedom from the hands of men.

“I found upon the world bondage enough, yea, poverty and ignorance enough, to keep me busy. These things I could see, I could feel, and they made my heart bleed. I could see the smiles of youth, changed by orthodox stupidity into the grave sanctimony of fancied meekness. I saw hundreds of children made miserable one-seventh of the time by old, formal religion. I saw mothers, young and beautiful, pressing to their warm bosoms the heads of their suffering babes, trembling lest the fever should be fatal,

and their sweet children not being baptized, should be clutched by a vengeful God and roasted forever.

“I saw liars, paid liars, tell the mothers before them that they could be happy in heaven while their brave sons, who gave their lives upon the battlefield in the cause of humanity and freedom, were suffering untold torments. Then I heard them read to those people from a book—a book that sanctions slavery and polygamy—a book that makes man a tyrant and woman a slave.

“Again, I saw blackrobed hypocrites telling young and beautiful maidens that they should not enter wedlock; that it was considered purity in the sight of the all-wise to shut themselves up in convents. I saw all these things, and shuddered. Then I became aroused and told the people what I thought and what I knew. (I had read Blackstone enough to have a fair idea of justice.) I attacked their doctrines and derided their systems, until against me arose all viperous tongues of slander—all the venom-tongued malice of orthodox hatred. I had to reply, and it kept me busy—so busy that I could not look any further than earth. I recognized it as my country; I wanted to make it better for having lived in it.

“I did not deny immortality. I was not acquainted with it, and did not believe there existed a mortal being who was. Consequently I lived on, satisfied of the justice of Nature. I knew the impossibility of infinite punishment for finite crime, and infinite reward for finite virtue. So, I tried to make the best of the world. Now I am here, and in the sea of faces before me I have already noticed those whom I knew on earth. I find that here we are only a step further up in the scale of progress.

“Yonder rolls the earth, and today, if I were to return, I should find weeping and sorrow. I should see swollen eyes, and hear the deep heart moan of those I love. I sor-

row with them, I grieve with them; but my grief has the consolation of knowing that it is only a question of time until around me in a new home again I shall see them all and they shall see me. For, after all, what would this life be if we did not know and love again the dear ones we have left on earth? And now, fellow workers in the cause of human liberty, I appreciate your efforts in the work of human betterment, and I can assure you of my hearty cooperation."

The voice of the speaker grew weak, being as yet young in spirit life. His strength failing, he closed his address and left the platform, amidst applause and music.

After him, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher spoke on the subject, "The Healing of the Spirit." His address covered all the various branches of mental affliction, and he pleaded with his hearers that they should all do their part in the correction of those evils, so that the spirit might develop in the body to its normal state of existence.

He told us that a great many people upon earth, in every walk of life, were spiritually ill. He said, further, that all mania, all vile and unclean habits, all tendency towards crime, all violence and malice were phases of spiritual derangement, and also the extremes the other way. He urged the society to bring before the world an interest in psychology, so that, in studying the mind, men might learn to develop a good, all-around individuality, which would lead them to investigate along safe and sane lines.

Many other speakers were heard, each upholding some theory by which he thought the conditions upon earth could be improved, after which the reports of our workers were read by the watchman of our society, and he, with the speakers that had been heard, told effectually the story, What Was of the Night.

## AMONG THE POETS

### Letter 6



MAN is a social being. The work necessary to our existence irresistibly brings us together in whatsoever field we labor, be it for our improvement here or for the enlightenment of humanity on earth; be it amongst the hills and forests or in the field of science and art. All these things bring their own compensation, and by it we exist.

Upon earth you mold in clay. Here we form in the psychological substances which it is needless to describe. Upon earth the men delve in mysteries and form theories, be they true or false, and their labor brings its reward. Here we ascertain facts, and they are a reward in themselves. This is our business side of existence. But we have another—that is, the social side of our being.

Everything progresses as time goes on. As soon as it stops progressing, it is no longer fit for the plane upon which it exists. As in all other things, improvement is a great factor in our social economy. Betterment in every form is the only way by which we can realize our ideal. Therefore the social conditions must be strictly attended to. But upon earth this is sadly neglected.

The mental makeup of a person always leads her or him into certain classes of society—some even to the extent that their whole time is being taken up by social work. If this work is along the line of human betterment, it is highly commendable. But if it is perverted by vainglory, it is deplorable. It may seem strange, but even death does not purge from all faults.

We gravitate into social surroundings in accordance

with our mental makeup. My sister found her place in the society of musicians. My mother, aunt, and grandfather, being lovers of the quiet and home life, moved in their particular society; while such men as the professor naturally associated with the ranks of science and education, each being happy in his place.

I do not wish to give the impression that we are here divided into separate classes. No, no; far from it. This is only true in general. Many people move and act in various branches. It is not here a matter of money, but of love, harmony and intellectual achievement. There is no scheming for finances, as we can only develop within ourselves. Here we stand upon our merits, and are valued only by the beauty of soul, the beautifying of which lies within our own power. Such are the rules that govern our social system.

Upon earth I had been a lover of the beautiful, an admirer of all that was rustic, wild, and natural. My mind vibrated in harmony with the forces of nature. To me all nature vibrates in harmony. Only men place themselves in discord with the greater forces, which creates discord within their own souls. Then they say: "All nature is out of tune," forgetting themselves. This harmony had become a part of my life, so that when I arrived here I longed for the same.

I hied to the solitude of the forest, where, among the stately trees and blossoming undergrowth, I could sit and listen to the music of rippling water, to the warbling and twittering larks and linnets; where I could inhale the sweet perfume of lovely flowers. There was my society. There, and there only, could my soul attain greater heights. Through the rifts in the green foliage above me I could see my soul ascend to still higher realms. I could see visions of perfect angelhood, a fact of which some are skeptical, even

here. I could commune with my soul, lulled into that divine ecstasy where the spirit, loosed from the present existence, wherever that may be, soars amidst the golden clouds of the untrodden future. Oh, mortals, if you would lay aside your earthly cares now and then and aspire upward, what a world of new delight you would find in your otherwise prosy life! Such was my temperament, and naturally it placed me in the society of poets. Men and women after my own heart were attracted to me, and I to them.

Edgar Allan Poe, the poet of love and sadness, writes here. Having found again his lost Lenore, he sings to our world his newer songs of pathos—those soul-inspiring thoughts, divinely pure. In his home we can see the bust of Pallas, just above his chamber door. But upon it sits no more the raven croaking, for by his side lives and acts that being whom the angels call Lenore.

I love and admire this man for the tenderness of his soul, for the beauty of his character, for the divine creations of his brain, that cannot help but to draw out the highest emotions of anyone who reads his work.

Poe is the poet of the human heart. He draws his inspiration from humanity. The natural fires that burn within the human heart are his themes. Therefore we find his home near the city, where he can mingle with men freely. Its plainness is even now suggestive of his earthly sorrow. But within its walls dwells a harmony which only the eloquence of his lips can express.

“Earth’s sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts.” On earth he is maligned even to this day. His deep, brooding soul was pained by the giddy terror of the world’s mad-rushing tide, that ground out and crushed the violets and lilies of life with the ruthlessness of death. His eye saw the world’s pain. His soul

wilted under its terrible aspect. He tried to forget, and forgetfulness he bought at the expense of physical ruin and the calumny of the world. But the physical weakness of the architect does not necessarily affect the beauty and truth of his creation. Here also dwells Tennyson, whose heart beats in unison with the infinite; whose words, like his spirit, are immortal. He still goes on with his grand work, and tho you hear his voice no more on earth, yet he is interested in mortal welfare, and his works here are filled with good will to men.

Matthew Arnold, Taylor, Coleridge, all of the old world, as you call it, and Whittier, Lowell, Bryant, and Longfellow, foremost of America's poets, these men who drew their songs from nature's bosom, all of them are here. They are children of my native land. They live close to my heart. Our hearts beat as one.

Such is my society, because by nature I am drawn there. When we come together, we read and hear the words of these great stars of the heavens of imagination. We feel as if, though we were thousands, we would still be as one. Coming together as sisters and brothers, we lose ourselves in the world of the ideal. Each voices the strongest emotions of the soul, and so strong becomes this attribute that even those with whom we come in contact upon earth give expression to our vibration to the extent that they are intellectually capable, be they consciously sensitive or not.

From this you may form an idea of my social surroundings. Now, why do I write thus? Merely to show you how nice things are here with us? Certainly not! My object is to teach this lesson that, though you may upon earth be like I was, a poor frontier girl, yet if you will develop within yourself a desire for all that is pure and beautiful, and hold with firm sincerity to those things which you believe to be right, then you will find your ideal

realized sooner or later. That is the way I have found it, so far, and this is the experience of all who have been here longer than I.

Be your aspirations what they may, music, art, science, or anything that is lofty, you can develop to the highest if you persevere. And you can create around you conditions as near your ideal as it is possible to get ; for an ideal once attained is no longer an ideal.

I do not wish to create the impression that art, literature, and abstract science are the only lofty development of the human soul, nor yet that they, alone and by themselves, are at all desirable, for they are purely a secondary acquirement. The first and foremost power of soul development is the power of useful service ; for without that there can be no art, music, or literature.

Ampleus and Excelsior—still more, still higher. You can never develop to high spirituality unless you remain well balanced in all other faculties. Nervous disorders are not spirituality. By development I do not mean that it is needful to become spiritually perceptive—that is, mediumistic. Mediumship is as liable to become a thorn as a blossom. By development I mean simply the soul's awakening to a consciousness of its duties, and an appreciation of the beautiful in all things.

I entered spirit life long before most of the poets I have mentioned came to us. It was during my later school days that I became acquainted with some of them. Others came to us just before I started my humanitarian work. And here, to emphasize the importance of early development, I wish to cite a few instances in point. Take, for instance, Whittier, who upon earth exclaimed: "How strange it seems, with so much gone of life and love, to still live on."

He came here to find that there was not anything gone. And the poet of field and forest, of home and fireside,



grieved but a short time for those he left on earth, and soon took up his work with his fellows here, realizing that in the ultimate nature can sustain no loss.

Longfellow, whose soul is portrayed in the soft, musical rhythm of Evangeline's story, which has brought about more good for the race among whom he lived than all the sermons of hundreds of ministers of ignorance. And Hiawatha's story of the Red Man, portraying how, even among the savage races, holy emotions and spiritual monitions are heard. He, too, though he came but lately, went on with his work, and again from his lips vibrate the words of tenderness and love. Sweetly he sings of sorrow and gladness, as he was wont to do when with you. Deeply he drank at the founts of Urd and Misnor, until his soul was filled with all the virile concepts of the primitive childhood of his race.

These men live in the world of their ideal, and here they find that all can be realized. Now we can see them, as it were, young again, walking by the murmuring streams, standing by the vine-clad rocks, or seated under the elm trees near their dwellings, dreaming of love and purity, listening to the holiest impulses that come to the heart of man.

But there is another among us, whose name I have not mentioned, who suffered untold agony while on earth. Misunderstood by his fellowmen, spurned by the one to whom he was united, He whose soul was immeasurably greater than those of his traducers. He came to us broken in spirit, forlorn in His sorrow, cut off from the world. Yes, from the cold, unfriendly world, ere His blossom was fully unfolded, He called forth a sigh of sadness from many of the great men of our community. Still, now He is contented, and when He speaks we are lifted with Him to the world where dwells His soul. No place can hold him.

His spirit grasps all there is of life, and expresses it in words that fall like snowflakes from a leaden sky.

Such are the men of our circle in spirit land—men and women who hold thoughts like mine. Therefore am I found among the poets.

## WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?

### Letter 7

When in silence I sit alone,  
And dark as night life's ocean seems,  
My guardian angel brings from home  
My mother's spirit in my dreams.

A mother's spirit, how sweet the thought!  
What solace it to my heart has brought.  
And now I feel it everywhere—  
A soulful growing, my mother's prayer.

My mother's spirit, where'er she be,  
It fills my soul with true desire,  
Whether on earth or in heaven, she  
Keeps my feet from evil's mire.



HE home is the center of all true development, socially and spiritually. By the fireside the noblest thoughts are born. Here pure love climbs higher than anywhere else. Here joy is most complete. Take the home away from men and civilization falls. All the labor of science is based upon it. Poets draw from it the material for their grandest inspirations. Artists have immortalized their names by its portrayal. Home, the theme of song and story!

You ask the question, What is it that makes the home such a power? And I answer, The mother. Take from out the home the mother, and what is left? Where stays the family? Like petals from a late autumn rose shaken by the northern blast, one by one they fall; oftentimes caught by the raging winds they are scattered far and wide. That is so with a family from which the mother is taken; for she is the center of unity. Around her all

cluster. Her love binds them together and protects them as the leaves protect the fruit. Such is home with you and with us.

The mother remains the center of the home circle until the time that her children shall have their ideal. Then her responsibility ceases, they having become perfected individuals. And as it sometimes happens that the mother is called higher early, in that case the children are cared for.

If the mother was united to her soul mate upon earth, both stay in the home. Even if they were not soul mates, but lived harmoniously, they do not separate even here, unless by natural causes.

Those upon earth who carry this teaching to an ignorant extreme, and hope to embrace their real other self as soon as they arrive here, may make the mistake of their life, and awaken to the fact that they will have to wait until they are morally and intellectually fitted for the change, as natural law attracts the father to the children as well as the mother.

So you can readily see the justice of nature. For instance, the father has been faithless or otherwise corrupt, and has been brutal toward his wife, he, in consequence, cannot rise to the level that she attains, but gravitates to his own kind. If, then, he sees the error of his ways and longs for his family, he can reach them only by purifying himself. It is so with the wayward son or mother as well. And here we come face to face with a sad truth, for, if the mother was immoral, she draws her children to her in the realm of the vicious. In the lower spheres there is no joining of soul mates, for it is apparent that they are not fitted for that state. The mother guards the children, those that are single, until they also are joined to their proper mates, after which she soon finds her coequal, if she has not already done so, and then goes on to a more

perfect plane of existence. So far I have given an outline of the laws that govern our family life, so that there may be no further misunderstanding about these things, among readers of spiritual literature at least.

Mother has remained the center of our home from the time of our arrival here, and will so remain till the time that I will be perfected. In this law is found the beauty of spirit existence. In it is illustrated the wondrous depth of parental love, and this law brings to earth the great truth that love is immortal. We live in peace and harmony, each striving to make life pleasant. Indeed, we share each others joys and sorrows.

On returning from a mission to earth, or a distant part of our own realm, what would my home-coming be, though I returned to a place of the greatest splendor, if there I found only the furniture, the pictures, the books, and other luxuries? It would be cold, cold indeed. But instead, I return to a home that bears all the marks of genuine contentment, where neither wealth nor want is known. Here I come, tired with labor and care, and am met by the smiling face of my mother. And thus with her love our plain surroundings blossom like summer flowers. In short the mother is the unit of the home, and without her, existence for the child would be as meaningless as it is upon earth.

Think of the penalty nature imposes upon those who go through the world childless and alone; while they that rear children on earth come to us supported and strengthened by the magnetism of their dear ones, and at once set to work to prepare a new home. If they have children who went before, they are met by them on their arrival, and together they work for the good of those who are left on earth.

But take, for instance, a person who wantonly goes

through life alone. He has violated a law in nature, and nature has no forgiveness for an offense against its greatest gift. Each person should rear upon earth a home, and live to the height of nature's intention, ruled by an adequate exercise of reason. In proportion that he develops a home ideal on earth will he be able to perfect that ideal with us.

There is no more powerful term on earth or in heaven than the word Home. Persons born in the better strata of life remember days gone by when by the fireside of the old home all was happiness. And those who were unfortunate long that it were so with them. All will here find the reward in accordance with their development. Those who had a home on earth will have it here. Those who were homeless and alone have to gradually develop into a state of perfection. By homeless I mean those who were cast off—children of misfortune—although, if they build ideals upon earth, they will find their place accordingly.

Those who had childhood homes but went through earth life unmated gravitate to their parents, and stay with them until finally perfected. Those who precede their parents into the spirit realms gravitate to such spirits to whom they are by nature most attracted. It therefore sometimes happens that even parents lose a child simply because some other has a stronger spiritual claim; not necessarily the blood, but the spiritual parenthood draws the immortal to its own.

Therefore, build for yourselves homes on earth, and the joys thereof shall cling to you into the eons of eternity, and ever shall you realize the depth of meaning in the question: "What Is Home Without a Mother?" It cannot be.

## WHEN YOU COME HOME

### Letter 8



EVERYONE who travels upon earth for a longer or shorter distance is familiar with that peculiar sensation which creates within the soul a longing for home, or at least to know how things are at home. This feeling we call homesickness, on earth, and it is felt just in proportion that the individual is influenced by it.

If he have no home, the longing still burns, and it pulls him hither and thither, seeking rest, comfort, and home. It is also exemplified in the salmon struggling upstream to the waters of their nativity; or as the homer pigeon cleaves the ether sea for thousands of miles to its parental nest. This is not only a natural law, but its influence blends into the world of spirit as the golden dawn blends into the morning skies.

The same condition prevails here—a longing for home. A desire for a definite place in the world is a fixed attribute of nearly all conscious life. Many who are as yet incased in matter begin to feel a longing for that other home, beyond their mortal ken, where they may be sure that there is a new life before them.

Holding this thought in mind, I will try to give an idea of what you (L. P.) may expect upon your arrival in spirit land, as for convenience we will call it. I write now of one particular case, and from that the general public may infer that, though each case slightly differs as to particulars, in general all will experience essentially the same condition.

This narrative in a sense is personal, and similar experiences await each and every one of high ideals, regardless of belief or creed. All who have dear ones here will be met and led to their respective abodes, to be strengthened and instructed in the ways of spirit life.

You may think it strange that we should undertake to foretell the circumstances and conditions you will find upon your arrival here. But we are in a happy position to do this, however, as there is no great distance, reckoned spiritually, between our home and that of your parents. Distance here, like many other things, is determined by the bond of attraction between the inhabitants of places.

Upon leaving the earth, you will rise to our sphere. Very likely you will be accompanied by your parents, who have resided here for many years. As you will not be drawn by any closer blood relative—that is, children of your own—you will first be drawn to the next closest. Therefore, permit us to give you a picture of their surroundings, as we have those of our own, that you may have an idea how they fared in their journey upward, and where they find themselves now.

The home of your parents is on the outskirts of the valley among the lower foothills of a mountain range, at the base of which is the academy of science. Going to the academy by the main road, and just before leaving the valley, we come to a path that leads to the right. Following this are heavy forest covered hills, traversed by the above-described stream. Upon both of its banks may be seen houses of various sizes surrounded by gardens and orchards.

Upon the gently rippling water may be seen boats and yachts, occupied by happy people. Following up the stream, we arrive at the other end of this beautiful cove, and there find that the hills rise abruptly, forming cliffs and crags upon which, here and there, a scrubby pine has found root. From out the crevices of the rocks flows the beautifully clear water which helps to form the stream that flows down the valley.

At the foot of these clifflike hills, among the tall pine



and cedar trees, we come to a neat, well-constructed dwelling. About it everything impresses one with an idea of system and order. The garden, lawn, and buildings for domestic fowls betray the system of well-studied plan and arrangement.

We entered the yard, and found the owner seated beneath one of the shade trees that surround the house. He is a man of middle age, and arrived here long before his soul was completely developed in the physical form. He rises, greets his visitor in a cordial way, and has the happy faculty about him that makes you feel at home. He delights in telling of his adventures in spirit life—of his planning, his study, and his hopes. Such was the state in which I found him when making my first visit, the purpose of which was to secure his coöperation in the work of our society. After I had made myself known, he expressed his surprise, but declined my invitation, saying :

“No, I think it best not to trouble myself about earth. It has lost all interest for me, except for my boys, and they know the truth, so I had better busy myself here, so as to make happy their home-coming. No, except for my children, I have but little to draw me back to the world. I left it when young, went to where my race gravitate and struggled along for a while, watching the movements of those who were dear to me.

“I could not rest upon the spiritual plane of my countrymen. We differed in opinion on many things, and it was hard for me to understand their movements upon earth or here. Most of them hold simply to literal form and established status, with but little idea of advancement. Therefore, I kept close to my family, created in them the same restless feeling that I had, and influenced their material surroundings until they finally left the home country and settled in America. I moved with them, and when I as-

cended from there I found that spiritually I was a stranger in a strange land. But things here came nearer to my liking. I roamed about for some time, until finally I came to this valley and settled. I then studied the customs and habits of the people, and finally became rested and satisfied.

“For some unaccountable reason,” he continued, “I gravitated to an entirely different plane of action than did my ancestors, so that I found myself alone. I guess I must have been the odd one. Yes, I was alone, while my daughter had gravitated to my relatives.<sup>1</sup> When I got settled, I went over to the—oh, the school, saw the head teacher (Solon), and got his advice upon the subject. I wanted to see my people, and have my child with me in my new home. He told me how it would be possible to come into speedy contact with them. I started right off, acted according to instructions, and sure enough landed in the very midst of them. Then there was general rejoicing; but when I finally unfolded my purpose things changed a little.

“I was yet ignorant of the working of natural law, in cases of this kind, and was about to employ earthly means, when the thing practically solved itself. And now, though we are apparently far apart, we come and go with comparative ease, and I am now happy, having my child with me.

“This was quite a long time ago. Since then we have improved this place and made it look more like home, and we have improved ourselves intellectually also. When I had my child with me, my nature was better satisfied, you know. I had something to labor and to care for. You cannot imagine the loneliness of a wanderer in spiritland.

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<sup>1</sup> She had passed over some time ahead of him.—L. P.

However, after we got settled, and the little one was placed in school and doing well, time went very fast with me.

"I constructed all these buildings, gathered domestic fowls, and inclosed the pond in the rear of yonder fence. I made these paths and cared for all these things. It kept me busy—so busy that at times I almost forgot about earth, as well as my countrymen in spiritland, who live far away and move in different grooves of thought.

"I became interested in the social affairs of this country. Social affairs here correspond to politics upon earth. We have here no politics, each being a law unto himself and living up to the state of development that this plane represents.

"So time passed on until suddenly I became aware of a desire to visit the earth. On leaving this realm, I was drawn ever faster and faster earthward by some subtle, magnetic force. I understood that my wife must be very ill or out of order in some way. Finally I arrived at her bedside, but of course unable to make my presence known. I saw, however, that the change was close at hand. I waited alone until the arrival of my daughter. She had received the same call and had come to be of assistance.

"You may think it strange that I had not taken her with me, but I was not aware of the seriousness of the case, and I would rather, if possible, hide from her the fact that mother suffered. Still a little human weakness, you see. We saw mother and the boys, but no one recognized us. We waited until the cord loosened and the body emitted the soul.

"As she raised out of her material form, she seemed to be conscious of her surroundings, but spiritual attraction soon broke the last cord and she mounted upward, we following by her side.

"Soon we arrived at home, and after having placed her

in bed we made further preparation for her comfort. Of course, we knew not how long her forming sleep would last, so that we had to keep a close watch for the reawakening.<sup>1</sup>

“Her illness, however, had thoroughly exhausted her, and it was some time before she regained consciousness. In the meantime we had made her surroundings as near like those she enjoyed on earth as possible. So well did we succeed in this that at first she was not aware of the actual change. But when I entered and called her by name, you can imagine her surprise. What further can I say? She gained in strength very rapidly, and soon was able to walk about.

“This, however, was long ago. Since then we have lived in perfect happiness, waiting for the boys to come. Yes,” said he, after a moment’s pause, “they will have a great advantage over what I had. Nature sent me to prepare the way. And now you tell me that you also wait. Well, many of us have waited and toiled a long time, but when it arrives the past soon fades from the memory. Let us be patient. It is good that here our permanent choice is fixed by nature, so that there can be no further mistake.

“My folks are away at present or you could have a talk with them also. I think, however, that they will soon

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<sup>1</sup> The forming sleep is a lethargic period thru which the spirit body passes upon its arrival here. It is caused by the inability of the soul to handle the spirit envelope apart from its physical body. This forming sleep lasts from an hour to as long as forty-years, according to the spiritual status of the individual. In old people, it is usually short, and in old people of high spiritual unfoldment it is often hardly noticeable, while in young people it is longer, according to the development or lack of development of the ego.

return. Would you like to come in and wait? I should be pleased to have you see them."

I answered in the affirmative, happy to seize the opportunity. We had studied at the same school, under the same teacher, and though I had never met the mother, I felt that our mutual associations gave me a quasi acquaintance with her.

He escorted me into a fair-sized parlor, neatly furnished and decorated. Upon the walls were three large paintings, executed with consummate skill. They depict the heroic deeds of Norsemen in ancient times, some smaller ones of Norway's rugged coast, and four portraits of spirit beings.

These portraits were not engraved upon the wall, but were upon canvas and neatly framed, one of which attracted my attention. It was the portrait of a child, young and beautiful. I asked who she was, for I could see that she was not his own child.

"Ah," said he, "it is the baby of my oldest son. Poor thing! She had a short stay on earth. She is doing well, but of course carries some of the weaknesses due to a lack of mortal development." Then he explained her coming and how she was cared for. In the course of his remarks he said:

"It was indeed pathetic. She was so young, and her loss was felt intently. But her coming to us has given an added touch to our home, for after all it is not so much the old folks as it is the little ones that make the home life beautiful and real. And now, when they are about me, it gives the same satisfaction that a true father feels on earth when surrounded by his little ones.

"Then there is the joy of knowing that there can be no more separation that will leave our dear ones in want. Here we think of the happy time when all shall be together again. I have already made plans to enlarge my house for

their reception. Of course, one is a father and will soon erect a home for his family. But the other will stay with us for some time, until he, too, is ready to be perfected."

The mother and the two girls now returned, and the father stepped to the door and beckoned them in. I was introduced, after which he made known the relation I bear to the family, a fact which pleased them greatly.

We now resumed the conversation along general lines, speaking mostly about the different races of men, and how each race will make for itself surroundings according to its individuality. I again led up to the necessity of working to raise humanity to a higher level. With this, however, I could make no impression on the father of the house. He answered by saying:

"Yes, that is very good for those so adapted. I, however, am done with it all. I do not keep posted on material affairs, so would be of no material assistance; neither do they look for it. One thing I would like to have you do for me, however, and that is, if you ever find a way by which you can satisfactorily communicate with the boys, tell them that they will find a home with an open door and parents with extended arms ready to receive them. Tell them that, though I was cut away early, and thus could give them no support physically, I have tried to replace that sad misfortune by preparing for their homecoming."

The mother now invited us into the dining room, where we had a light repast, while I told them that I had an efficient instrument through whom I would give this narrative to their children.

We next went and viewed the grounds, the girls taking special delight in showing the beauty and variety of their flowers. After spending the greater part of the day with them, I returned home, determined to give this letter as a Christmas gift to our dear ones on earth.

## HEAVEN A HOME FOR THE HOMELESS

### Letter 9



NE day as I was wandering about in the meadows, fresh with morning dew, and studded with blossoms white and golden, I suddenly felt a desire to visit the rustic woodland home of my friend the hermit. Why such a thought should enter my mind was beyond me. But as it is always best to heed one's impressions, I started, confident that he wished to see me on important business, although I had no idea what it might be.

With this thought in mind, I crossed the stream that separates the meadow from the forest, and as it was no great distance I walked leisurely. This forest path was lined on either side with large trees, and banks of the most fragrant blossoms, the morning dew dripping from the leaves, accentuated the beauty and freshness of the flowers.

Birds twittered and poured forth their songs of gladness. In fact, the scene impressed me to such an extent that I almost forgot my original desire.

In a short time I arrived at the home of my friend and stopped for a moment under a spreading elm. I felt silly, and hardly knew what excuse to make for my visit, though feeling sure of a welcome, no matter when I came. I rapped on the door, but to my surprise there was no one at home. I lingered about the place a short time, then concluded to walk down the path toward grandfather's house, to see how he and Aunt Esther were progressing. But instead of taking the path following the brooklet, as was my custom, I decided to take the mountain road until out of the forest, then go down the valley to the park,

which is just at the rear of his home. Emerging from the woods, I looked upon as beautiful a scene as nature affords anywhere.

Standing in the shadow of the woodland kings, before me lay the open country, dotted with houses and checkered with fields green, blue, and golden. Across the open country in the distance I could see the timber on the other side of the valley, a dark green band against the alabaster summits of the mountains. The breath of peace and contentment reigned everywhere.

To the left was the park, its giant trees and the large auditorium plainly to be seen in the distance. Between me and it there was a large tract of grazing land, where ranged wild and domestic animals of herbivorous habits. Animals destructive to life upon earth cannot come up to us. Neither can the low and vicious among the human family. Here we are free from all such evils, which must be outgrown and overcome on the lower planes of spirit; for unfortunately very few, indeed, succeed in so doing under the vicious system prevailing upon the earth plane.

Taking the entire human race into consideration, we have taken the highest possible step, due to purity of life and high aspiration. But there are millions who only step out upon the animal or lower plane of spirit.

Carnivorous habits breed viciousness. Vegetarian habits cultivate mildness of spirit. We do not mean meekness. The meek are trampled under foot upon earth, and their souls become dwarfed and degraded, until they float through existence as leaves blown by the autumn winds. We mean the great, noble, and heroic souls who climb upward on their own merit, with love and tenderness for all and malice toward none.

Therefore, I say that the innocent fawn playing in earth's thick jungles or upon her barren crags, caring only



for itself and harming none, is purer in spirit than the doctor of divinity who will shoot it down with hellish delight. Therefore they come to us, together with some of the horses, cattle, and other domestic animals that fulfill their growth upon earth.

(You do not realize the terrific psychic vibrations that are set up by the storm of destruction caused in your slaughter houses. What a deluge of undeveloped life you pour forth to mix in your atmosphere, causing your undeveloped mental phenomena of crime and insanity, injustice, and avarice. Slaughter of animals and human beings fills the earth atmosphere with thoughts of vengeance—the natural thought of unripe souls, animal as well as human.)

I paused for a moment to admire the scene before me. Lovely it was indeed. Creation's beauty unfolded itself as the pages of a magic book in the hands of a wizard. Looking over the scene, I exclaimed: "All nature is song! Why should not I sing? I then left the mountain road and followed the path leading to the park. This path meanders through the meadows across many tiny streams, and between ponds and lakelets surrounded by tall grass and rushes. Flocks of ducks swarmed the air, and wild geese flew back and forth between the various bodies of water. Everywhere was life in abundance.

While walking along (for remember that spirits fly not, and that we are just as much bound to our plane as you are to yours, I drew near to a growth of water-willow trees upon the bank of a streamlet. The earth around them was covered with young, sweet grass, and sprinkled with a variety of buttercups and daisies. It looked so attractive that I felt a desire to see the other side of the group.

As I did so, I was surprised to see two lambs sleeping in the sunlight. They looked very natural, eyes closed,

ears drooping, and noses touching the ground. Such a picture; I exclaimed: "Innocence! Innocence! How sweet is thy presence!" (Ah, world! If you would cease to confound ignorance with innocence, how much nearer you would be to us! Instead of being ignorant of life and its beauties, of love and its duties, of honor and its responsibilities, you would be innocent of crime, of deception, of faithlessness, of hate and blood. How much happier you would be, if only you were innocent!) Again I looked at them. One had apparently been awakened by my movements and had arisen. It was stretching itself as if tired, then looking curiously at me as if in reproach for having disturbed it, it again lay down.

I was about to leave the scene, when my attention was attracted to an object that looked like a person seated at the further end of the group. How could I have overlooked it, and who could it be? Of course, I had lived here a long time and knew most of the people around us. Perhaps it was a new arrival to our world. That seemed to be the natural explanation as it suggested itself to my mind. It probably was some homeless, friendless soul that had been wafted into eternity by the glad hand of old mother earth, and on approaching nearer I saw that my conclusion was correct.

The person was a girl perhaps sixteen years of age, but imperfectly developed and plainly showing every mark of ignorance and toil. Her hair, a rich blond, hung loosely about her shoulders. Her eyes were swollen with tears, and her face was haggard and pale. In a word, she looked the picture of misery. She was seated upon the bank of the ditch-like little stream where the surrounding willows grew, her feet dangling above the water and hand buried in the grass by her side. She seemed dazed, and evidently had just awakened from her forming sleep.

Now, you may wish to learn what becomes of the homeless and friendless souls who are so fortunate as to reach our plane of unfoldment. Upon their awakening, they generally find themselves alone. But invariably they receive every needed help from the first person who discovers them. Thank heaven there is no money here, which closes the hearts of those who have it, so that they will not aid, and those who do not have it cannot aid. No, there are no such problems here.

I approached and gently placed my hand upon her shoulder. She looked up and, catching my eye, immediately lowered her head. "Where do you live?" I asked.

"I have no home, ma'am," was her reply.

"But where do you stay? Can you tell me that?" I continued.

"I herd sheep for Mr. Moose, in the hills. I felt very sick this morning, but he said he couldn't afford to keep sick people, and so I had to go out. It was so cold, miss, and the sheep kept a-runnin' and a-runnin'. Soon I fell and lay for a time.

"One old ewe stayed behind with her lambs. They were cold, too, very cold. I covered them with my jacket to keep them warm. The sheep were now gone out of sight over the hill, and the rain was turning to ice, miss, and sleet, too. I kept my lambs close to me, and tried to get up, but I couldn't. I didn't mean to let the sheep run away. Soon the cold left me. I became hot, and could see nothin'. I could only hear the wind howl and feel my clothes soaked with water. Then I fell asleep and dreamed, then knew no more. Then I felt myself lifted up and came to myself. I saw Mr. Moose bending over me. I could only say: 'Don't hurt me!' I was sick, sure, miss. Then he said:

"'Why didn't you leave those lambs with the ewe?"

Now she won't own them, and they will have to be killed. Ah, but you're a smart un, you are.'

"He said some more, miss, but I forgot it. Then I went to sleep again, and when I awoke the sun was a-shinin'; I was here. I must have been left here. Don't know where I am. Don't know this pasture. Don't know where the sheep are. Oh, oh!" she sobbed, "I am so afraid to go back to Mr. Moose. What will he say?"

By this time I had knelt beside her and, gently arranging her hair, said: "Dear one, do not think about him. He will not find you here."

"But, but, the sheep," she stammered.

"Never mind the sheep, they will be all right," I answered.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Liz, yes, Liz they call me," she answered. Then slowly turning to me, she asked.

"Why do you ask all these questions?"

Placing my arm around her, I said: "Because I love you, and will bring you to true friends, where Mr. Moose cannot come until he shall have learned to take his garments and shield the innocent. No, child, you shall not see him again until he is poor, like you, and you can help him." I drew her to me until she resisted no more and fell back into my arms.

Then I asked if she would like to know where we were, and she answered, "Yes." Looking into her clear blue eyes, which for the first time drank at the fount of love, I said:

"My dear child, you are now in the realm called heaven." She gave a start, then said:

"Guess I can find work here."

"Ah, yes, you can. But come now, we will not speak about that. First we will find you a home and happiness."

While I was speaking, one of the lambs came and sniffed at her elbow. With a start, she drew herself together, took it into her arms, and hugged it to her breast. Then looking at me with a smile, she said:

“Can I keep these now, or do they belong to Mr. Moose?”

“They belong to no one, dear. If you want them as companions, it is well. You may care for them,” said I. “But now, let us go, for I know you are weary.”

She arose, picked up one of her pets, and asked me to take the other. We went straight toward the park, and from there down the hill to grandfather’s home. We found him and his friend walking in the garden. Around the garden were the stately forest trees, among which murmured the brook. As we entered, grandfather turned and saw us, exclaiming as he did so:

“Bless my soul, child! So thou hast come to see me. Well, well! And who mayest thou have with thee?”

Then said I: “Grandpa, let us put her to rest. She has just come to us.”

“Verily, verily, this shall be done.” Then seeing the lambs which we had placed upon the ground, he continued: “And have these come with thee from yonder world? Come, come child, come George, come all, and let us spread a feast unto the Lord.”

We entered the house, and after my young friend had been introduced to Aunt Esther she bade us to be patient until a repast could be spread. Grandpa took the little stranger upon his knee, for she was but a mere child, and petted her kindly while she told him of her cruel treatment and death.

In the meantime, I could see that his friend, George, who had also been a lonely and homeless child upon his arrival (he was found by grandpa, and has been with him

ever since), became very much interested and almost excited. Finally he said:

“Child, you shall no longer be abused; that is all past now. We shall make for you a home such as you have never known.”

“Yes, George,” assented grandpa. “Verily, thou hast a noble chance. She shall not leave here, but be thy ward, and thou canst make her life what it ought to be, happy.”

By this time Aunt Esther had prepared food, and our little charge ate heartily. After the repast I kissed her goodbye and returned home, satisfied that I had helped this poor soul on the road to happiness.

## FRIENDS EVEN IN DEATH

### Letter 10

“Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,  
And fondly broods with miser care;  
Time but the impression deeper makes  
As streams their channels deeper wear.”



POETRY hovers near death until the end, then draws away in terror.” The writer of these lines knew but little of the real nature of this wonderful transition or he would not have said these words. He would have said that poetry finds its highest expression in the liberation of the soul from mortal thralldom.

Death is a climax in our chain of existences. It is the dropping of the curtain on one scene in the eternal drama of evolution. Death the destroyer is also the liberator. Death the breaker is also the transformer. Death the taker of life is also the giver, and gives more abundantly than he takes.

The music of the soul is profoundest silence to the mortal ear. The jar and clatter of earth's ponderous elements are deafening to the ear of the spirit. To commune with the infinite you must seek the mystic silence of your chamber, the deep shade of the forest, or out into the reaches of the desert. There, in the stillness of infinitude you may hear the grander harmony to which the mortal ear is deaf.

This is the story of a lonely soul. Upon earth there was but one who had an unselfish interest in her. Together they had bloomed unseen in a wilderness of superstition and ignorance—in a spiritual graveyard where real truth had not a home. Here they grew as off-colored flowers in

a deserted garden, happy in the sunshine of each other's smile; dreaming, planning, hoping, and loving the world for its own sake.

Life they loved for its sweetness, which in fact they poured into it from the golden fountains of their youthful souls. Thus they were bathed in the sweet waters of love, when the reaper came and cut from the plant its blossom. Thus they were alive upon the banks of the stream of inspiration, when the gathering angel called and took her home. And as she was a lonely soul to the world, the world gave but a few flowers, shed a few common tears, and forgetfulness swallowed her memory for all but one.

It is not our purpose to give the material details of this transition. Why should we open healing wounds afresh? Why paint pictures of lonely sadness filled with sobs, sighs and gloom? Better be it that we tell the brighter side of the story.

A few years ago, according to your reckoning of time, I had occasion to visit my grandfather, whose home is not very far from the place where I awoke to a new existence, under an ancient cypress-like tree. That tree is no more upon this plane. Its place is taken by a plot of verdant soft grass that came to us as the result of plowing a field upon earth.

When going to my grandfather, I visit this place. It has for the spirit a charm somewhat like a childhood home. The life of the region has changed since last I saw it. Some of the trees are gone, some of the houses changed. The city seemed larger than now, which is not an actual fact, but a sense delusion, due to familiarity with the sight. For the rest, it was the same. At my feet still ripples the brook, and in the distance, looming majestic against a soft azure sky, were the alabaster summits of the mountains.



When reaching the place, I sat down in the grass, toying idly with vines and flowers, as I dreamed a poet's dream of life and love, of sweet, sad loneliness, and of eager impatience—emotions which, by their contrast, make this life what it aright should be, a reality and not a dream.

As thus I toyed and dreamed I noticed the forming of a group of fresh flowers at the edge of the grass plot in which I sat. There were a few violets and carnations, in the midst of which arose a stately hyacinth. The hyacinth grew and unfolded with extraordinary power and beauty. It had more than normal strength. By this I knew that it was sent upward on a mighty spiritual wave of love, agony and devotion.

The spirit in which we do a thing affects the thing through which we do it, as well as the one we do it for. These flowers, fresh from earth, convinced me that I was in the presence of work to be done and must cease my dreaming. Too much dreaming is not good, even for us.

I walked down through the woods by the side of the stream that flows into the gaseous sea, our mother world's envelope, until I came to the open road that leads to grandpa's house. As I approached the road, I noticed under a clump of undergrowth the form of a young woman, sleeping quietly on the soft grass.

She was not an ordinary figure, but large in body and, as I was soon to learn, large in mind as well. Her head was graced with a heavy mass of jet-black hair. Her forehead was round and full. Her mouth was firm, yet not unkind. Her nose was delicately drawn, showing her nature to be extremely sensitive. Her figure was a trifle too long to be perfect, although this was not noticeable where she lay.

My first impression was that she was a creature of con-

summate grace and development. I no longer marveled at the wondrous growth of the hyacinth, for surely a soul of such perfection could not but inspire devotion—could not but be productive of spiritual strength to anything that might be privileged to come into contact with her. She was a soul of such magnetism as is compelled to hold an opposite attraction with such power that not even the scythe of death could sever the cord.

I knelt by her side and stroked her forehead, my heart aglow with admiration. Surely she is a queen among women. She awoke, and for the first time I gazed into the windows of that immortal temple. (In souls of this order lies the redemption of the world. And from them spring the ambrosia and nectar of heaven.)

On awakening, she was not bewildered and understood what had taken place. Though she had given immortality but little thought, she was not frightened at her entry. In the depths of her unselfish soul, even in this hour, she forgot herself. Her mind went back to him who was yet upon earth, filled with overflowing despair.

Her hope had always been to be his preserver, to care for him while he made his mark. She realized that neither a man nor a woman can climb high in life, unless lifted up by hands of love. (He who serves mankind has but little time to serve himself. She or he who takes part in the battle also has a part in the victory.) She was great enough to recognize his power. She was strong enough to know that a man does not need a woman to cling to him, but a companion to go with him. She feared but one thing, and that was that her passing might lose him the battle—might thwart the realization of their mutual aspiration. "Oh," said she, "if only I was acquainted, so that I could go about and prepare the way, for I see that should earth prove too small there is room in the Universe for our

fondest dreams. There are unlimited possibilities among the stars."

I asked if as yet she had met any of her relatives or friends, and what her mortal name might be.

"I have not met anyone," was her answer. "You are the first. I found myself here, after leaving the world; that is, a short distance up the road. I got up and walked until tired, then sat down in the grass, fell asleep, and knew no more until you awoke me."

There was a radiance of magnetic power that drew me into her arms and she into mine. And as though prompted by a higher power, I knew that here was a link in a golden chain. I loved her by the divine right of spiritual harmony, and in that love I made her a part of our home circle, a member of our family, and so she shall remain until the root of the hyacinth shall come to place the plant in the garden of an independent home.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Here I must help the reader to clearly understand. No, not even the cold, but nevertheless welcome, change called Death can separate us from our own. The bouquet described was placed on the casket in which the mortal remains of Alice was encased. Lucelia, having been in spirit land a long time, and being of high aspiration, had become so ethereal that she found it extremely difficult to project writing thru the heavier psychomotor organisms of our medium. So, what seemed as the saddest of all sad calamities, from our point of view, blossomed out into the fruition of greatest usefulness to us. Nature seemingly placed this noble girl right into the arms of Lucelia, as it also placed our physical medium into my hands. Being fresh from earth, Alice naturally retained memory of her language in use down here. When she became her normal self again, she also became the intermediary between Lucelia and us. Being, as yet, strong physically, and the engaged lover of our medium, she naturally and lovingly took her place by his side in this work. And thus thru the power of love the new link became welded into the golden chain, and thus made it possible to transmit the golden truths herein contained to a spiritually hungry but sadly misguided world.—L. P.

She asked if what she had gone through was all there is of death. To which I answered that it was not death at all, but the beginning of a new life based upon the experiences of the old.

After a slight outburst of grief, she literally pulled herself together, and upon my invitation came with me. On the way it was necessary to stop several times to rest. We, like you, must take substance in order to exist. As you take material food for your material needs, so we must take food that fits our substance, differing from yours only in the degree of attenuation. When she saw the city, the meadows, the woodland, and mountains, her artistic soul began to glow.

"What a land," said she, "in which to raise musicians, poets, and artists. Here we have landscapes that no artist could paint, unless he painted with the fire of inspiration and the colors of the dawn."

On arriving at home, we vied with each other to make her comfortable and happy. In this Rosie, who has exceptional musical ability, was especially successful. When I saw that she had been made as comfortable as possible, I hastened away to see Solon. After a short consultation with regard to this case, he instructed me to go to the place of her dismissal and see the boy [who subsequently became our medium.—L. P.] to whom she seemed to be united with the strongest possibilities, and do what I could to lighten his grief.

I found him lying across the bed in a semi-trance condition, and to my surprise I discovered that he had extraordinary psychomotor development, a condition of brain prerequisite to a high order of inspirational and automatic mediumship.

I spoke to him, and he answered. He was not at this time objectively conscious, being almost completely sub-

duced by the strain under which he had been laboring since his loss. This had, in a way, an advantageous side, as it rendered him negative to my impressions. Fortunate it was for us that he was not discovered and developed by other bands for purposes of good or ill.

Finally returning to normal consciousness, he got up in a dazed condition, left his room, and went to the house of a friend, and I returned home, satisfied that I had found a jewel for the crown of our order.

Shortly after my return home our new friend awoke. I expected another scene of grief, but no. She was too great, although the loneliness of her heart was written deeply in the lineaments of her face. She said but little, only appearing to be deeply anxious to learn the ways and laws governing our life and world.

In the course of a few days her arrival became known, and friends came to visit the new member of our band. Quickly she gained their love by her open frankness and even temper. She was invited to grandpa's, and Mr. Carlisle gave his usual good advice.

Everyone took an unselfish interest in her, and noticing this she remarked that "most people were like the Indians. Death seemed to improve them." This bit of cynical humor, of course, caused a general laugh among the people assembled. Finally mother said:

"Yes, child, it does. But we must be fitted on earth or we could not reach this realm. You must have had lofty thoughts, or you never could have come this far."

Then she asked: "Do you suppose you are now in heaven?"

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Carlisle, "only we do not call it so, but strive to make life as near to a heavenly state as possible."

After some time had elapsed, I asked if she would like to visit the poet, Edgar Allan Poe.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "the author of 'The Raven.' How full of meaning that poem will be to the one I left." Tears came to her eyes, but choking down a sob she said: "It's no use; it is all over now. I have played and lost!"

Mr. Carlisle took her hand as he said: "Dear girl, fear not. The hand you won is won forever. You may have to wait a long time, as you look upon it now. Nature will bring to you your own. Surely time will heal his wounds and yours, and you will go on with your work here, he with his work there."

We did not like to tell her, just yet, that she could go back and see him, as it would only intensify her grief, so I said:

"Come, dear, we will go and visit Mr. Poe." Then taking her hand and bidding goodbye to the folks, we started for the home of the poet.

Our way led through the open fields, strewn with flowers of various colors and covered with soft, wavy grass. Here and there we saw flocks of sheep, goats, droves of cattle and horses. All these things we noticed and talked about. Coming to our destination, I asked if she could form a mental picture of his house.

"Well," said she, "I think he would sit in the same kind of chamber as the one in which he wrote 'The Raven.'" Then she asked if he still pined for his lost Lenore. I had no chance to answer, for we were at the poet's door.

We were admitted by a lady, who ushered us into the parlor, where Mr. Poe received us. He was seated at a large table upon which lay a number of books. He arose and greeted us kindly, after which I introduced my young friend, in whom he became deeply interested.

Finally Mr. Poe proposed that she stay in the circle of

his friends, and learn from them the art of songcraft, a proposition which she promised carefully to consider. Said he:

“The one you left must feel as I felt. He should write a sequel to ‘The Raven.’ ”

His wife who, in the meantime, had been speaking to me, now broke into their conversation with an invitation for us both to go to a meeting of poets and artists in the city. This we accepted, and taking our leave returned home. She there informed mother and sister that she was considering the proposition of taking up her studies with the poets and artists; a thing much to be desired by us, for in her every action could be read the beauty of her soul. I asked her finally if she would like to return to earth for a visit, to which she replied:

“If that is possible, yes, for of all the things I prize in life faithfulness is first, and to that I mean to cling even in death.”

## AT THE TEMPLE OF ART

### Letter 11



CROSS the meadows from our home are the suburbs of the great city. The name of this city we have so far withheld, for reasons of our own, but we will now disclose its name to you. We call it Ardis, a large and beautiful city. It is a city not of commerce, but of soul; not of traffic, but of thought. It is a spirit city for the spirit beautiful.

It is different from your earthly cities, as it is in reality a large aggregate of small towns or villages, in which nature and art walk side by side. Here, through rose embowered gardens, life is ever in full tide, as it courses through the giant trees and about the houses. The lawns of soft grass invite the soul to sweetest meditation.

The city of Ardis proper is very, very ancient, having been built by the most evolved minds that flourished in early Indian civilization. These builders, however, have long since migrated higher, leaving their heritage to the sons of the white man.

That is why the nucleus of that city is today as it was of yore, a walled stronghold, whose glittering ramparts, flecked here and there with sprays of ivy and other creeping vines, is preserved more as a relic of ancient psychology than as an element of utility. Here dwell some of the best talent earth has produced in the vocations of life. We find the poet, the sculptor, the painter, and the author; also the inventor and reformer. In short, many of the leaders in the ranks of progress. They surround themselves with the pure and the beautiful—with all that appeals to reason and imagination. This place becomes a



heaven to them, because there is a chance to be active in the improvement of one's self.

(Oh, inhabitants of earth! If you only would stretch forth your hands and labor, both physically and mentally, for purity, heaven's pure air would soon fill your nostrils, even on earth.)

It is in one of those suburbs that we find a large private school of music, songcraft, and fine art, in which I have lately become interested, because our friend, Alice, of whom I have spoken in the previous letter, is there receiving her training. It is the most suitable place for one of her temperament and aspiration.

This school is on the very outskirts of the city; occupying the summit of a good-sized hill, which is covered from base to top with suitable vegetation, skillfully arranged by a trained horticulturist. Paths wind about amid beds of flowers. Fountains spray here and there upon the slopes. Statues of both men and beast adorn all the prominent places. Then last, but not least, is the school.

It is quite a large building, shaped after the ancient Grecian Parthenon, with beautiful columns of a substance that would look to you like white marble, gracefully fluted and decorated with handsome capitals. The main walls are creamy white.

I have to refer back to the columns that adorn this building. They are symbolic in their construction, blending in their make-up the three great Grecian styles—Ionic, for grace; Corinthian, for beauty; and Doric, for strength. The three concepts blended, being considered the summum bonum of art as it is known here. (Art suffers sadly on earth, for it does not spring from the spontaneous fires of the soul, but is created today upon the earth plane solely to satisfy public demand, and the public demand is vulgar. Art, to be art, must lea the artist

free to listen to the call of his soul, not our soul, and create purity for love of creation. Then you will have art that is art indeed.)

We approach the building by means of a flight of four steps, built out of the same substance as the pillars. These steps are decorated by four sets of statues, two of a kind, one on each side. At the base there are two lions, standing forth majestically as an emblem of power. Next are two stately elks, which signify grace. Next we see two figures with the balance, the personification of Justice. Next and last are two wonderful statues of purest white. They represent Venus, the goddess of love. They each stand on a glittering orb, representing the planet Venus, the evening star. These are the most wonderful works of art. After passing these, we find ourselves among the pillars, then enter the building.

The interior is divided into four auditoriums, two of which have beautiful stages, with highly decorated backgrounds. These are used for music, songcraft, and vocal art. The other two have large platforms upon which the masters do their work. The seats are built into the floor, which incline toward the platforms or stages. It is hewn out of white marble, and ornaments of the rarest quality abound. The interior and exterior rival each other in magnificence.

(Here the average mortal is ready for a laugh, yes, ready to ridicule. You say that you can look into the sky and no such things are visible. Look at your fellowmen through an X-ray machine, and if it vibrate high enough, though they were covered with three hundred pounds of flesh, you would find them to be invisible, just as fully as we are. Why, then, are spirit landscapes, as well as spirit cities and spirit forms, invisible to you? The simple answer is that sunlight acts upon spirit substance to the

mortal eye as does the X-ray machine upon concrete matter. It is high time that the mortal world should learn these great yet simple truths.)

Now resuming our description of the school.

We next ascend a flight of steps and find ourselves on the upper floor. Here the rooms are large and well lighted. The walls are decorated with paintings and sculpture, surrounded by rich drapery.

The students are seated in individual chairs, around long reading tables, in the center of which are shelves with all kinds of literature. Such are the study halls for the mental branches of the curriculum.

In the art department the room in general is the same, except that there are no tables, each scholar having a chair and tripod upon which his canvas rests. In this way he pursues his work under the supervision of a competent teacher.

The students of music occupy a study hall so much like the artist that for our present purpose it is needless to describe it in detail. I will only say that all branches of music are taught, from grand opera and symphony to the flute and guitar.

I stated at the beginning of this letter that I was attracted to this school for the reason that my young friend, Alice, had decided to take up her course of study here. I will now give you an outline of her work.

Shortly after her arrival, she decided to prepare for some field of usefulness, for here as upon earth we are influential only in the measure that we are useful. As you know, there were several of the great poets that took an interest in and gave her a place in the classes of the finer arts. That is why, today, she controls this medium for the purpose of giving poetry and romance. While, were I to

control him, I would work more along scientific and philanthropic lines.

But the remark has been made that I came as a poetic influence. True, to some extent I naturally love the beautiful, the poetic and sweeter tones of existence. But my education was scientific and practical. The practical side of existence is not lost in the great change.<sup>1</sup>

Alice had studied with the poets at this school about one year, of your time, when I decided to visit her, so that I might see how she was progressing in her work. I felt certain that she was a bright student. With this object in view, I left home one morning and journeyed to the city, thence to the school.

On entering the building, I asked an attendant where I might find Alice, and he answered:

"At present, she is in the study room practicing art." Then indicating a flight of steps, he said:

"This way, miss."

He led the way to the art students' room and introduced me to the teacher, who called her. Seeing me, she fairly jumped (for as yet, she has all the impetuosity that characterized her in earth life), and said:

"Good heavens! What brings you here?" Then we became lost in conversation. There was so much to say, so many things to ask about, that I will not bore you with a recital.

While thus engaged, the school was dismissed and all

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<sup>1</sup> Yes, this is true. I did make such a remark, quite a while before these letters were written. I have already stated that she used the vocal organs of the medium on whose center table I found the book of biographical sketches, and where, in another city, later on, I was also brought into contact with the automatic hand. Thru the lips of that medium her poetic words fell as softly as the snow-flakes from a leaden sky. But I did not at that time know who this pure soul was.—L. P.

went their way. After inspecting the building, and her work in its various branches of study, art, poetry, drama, and music, we called on the principal, who gave her leave of absence for a few days, a treat greatly appreciated. On leaving the school, I took her for a visit to the home of the poet, Whittier, with whom we were both acquainted.

He lives outside of the city, in a small but beautiful home. Everything about his place breathes the air of poetry and art. A kind of melancholy comes over a person when looking at this place, even from a distance. It is a small house, with vine-covered veranda and moss-covered roof, situated upon the bank of a murmuring stream, and shaded by massive oak trees, which keep the house in almost perpetual twilight.

Back among the trees there is a thick undergrowth of profusely blossoming shrubbery, while some of the trees nearest the house are dressed in heavy grapevines. Directly in front of the house, and along the path that leads to the main city road, there are rows of bushes irregularly arranged. In short, the house gives one the impression of a hermitage in the wilderness.

Walking up the path towards the house, we found the old man seated under one of the spreading oaks reading a book. He arose, greeted us courteously, and invited us to enter the house. Inside everything was plain but cozy—just such a place as can inspire the Godlike simplicity which we find in all his work. He asked us to be seated, then resumed the conversation by telling us how he loved his work, and expressed the hope that in time we, too, might become masters of that sublime art. Said he:

“Girls, you cannot imagine what it means to live the life of a poet unless you are such yourself. To me, the man is blind who does not look thru poet’s eyes and see divinity everywhere. Common ears hear but common

sound. To the poet's ear all is music. His soul, unbound, grasps far more of the beauties of the universe than he whose soul has not been touched by the wand of Orpheus. To him all things move and live with divine life, and reecho their existence in the world of his soul. The soft green, the hue of the flowers, the murmuring brooks, the humming birds, the mighty rivers, roaring cataracts, valleys, hills, mountains, caves, the infinity of space, the stars in all their luster, speak to the poet's soul—speak a language that is not to be spoken by mortal tongue; for tongue nor pen can do it justice.

It is the inner language the poet feels and expresses in the crude instrument of speech. Then he has to depend upon his readers to enter with him into the great sanctuary of nature and see, thru the ill-expressed words, the deeper and grander conception as it is felt by him who drinks direct from the fountain of inspiration. Yes, it is marvelous. Have you not found it so, Miss Alice?" She answered:

"I dare say I have. But to me they all appear with a definite meaning. I do not, so much as you, feel the beauty of land and water, sky and space. To me, rather, they symbolize human emotion, human passion. For instance, when I wander among the flowers which fill the air with their fragrance and gladden the eye with their soft beauty, I feel inwardly that they personify love, to me the highest of all emotions. They vary in odor and color; still they produce, to my mind, a harmony sweet and melodious. Then I say to myself: 'Sweet and pure as are earth's blossoms, so shall, ere long, her mortals be.' On the other hand, I stand by a great waterfall, or behold the fury of the elements, then I cannot help but think of its opposite—hate, force, and power. This calls to my imagination pictures of jealousy, hate, and strife, which hang upon

the walls of existence. These, of course, are the two extreme opposites. Every shade between them portrays different emotions."

"Certainly, certainly, assented the old man. In method we all differ, yet in feeling we are one."

For some time the conversation continued, until the time came to say farewell to our friend who had so pleasantly entertained us, and together we returned to enjoy a few days' vacation at the quiet woodland home of our mother.

## OUR PURPOSE

### Letter 12



N a few short letters, I have tried to give you a little insight into our mode of existence on our plane in spirit life. We have also faithfully endeavored to give the connecting links that bind together our workers on earth, who work in harmony with our society. And tho as yet they are scattered and unacquainted, we are succeeding in drawing them closer and closer together. We hope ere long to have several more mediums working along the same lines.<sup>1</sup>

Now at the close of this work I do not want to leave the impression that we wish to discredit the work of others, who may perhaps differ in the description and location of places. Remember that the native of Mississippi and the native of Alaska may both tell the truth, yet must necessarily describe very different scenes. And again, if my sister was to write from the same premise that I have, she would form for her mainstay the musical world, and would mention some of the giants in the field of music, as I have in poetry, literature, and science. If our youthful friend were to write, it would deal with poetry and nature. While if mother or grandfather were to write, they would deal with the quiet of home life.

We hope the reader will remember that this description covers but a small part of the great spiritual realms; that we have not tried to describe any other plane of development than our own.

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<sup>1</sup> Yes, at her urge we crossed the country from Seattle to Boston to grasp the hand of that great soul, A. J. Davis.—L. P.



It is our object to labor for the betterment of the world, so as to prepare or, rather, help to prepare men, that they may be able to take the greatest possible step, from time into eternity. We mean to do all in our power to rob the grave of its terror, and bring to the world the knowledge that death places the soul but a pace further upon the road of existence. That the length of that pace, depends entirely upon how you prepare yourself upon earth, that nature is just and exacts no undue punishment, and that the Universe is governed by Law. We have tried to combine the scenes of our lives and the facts we have ascertained. This was our purpose, is and will be our purpose, forever.

Such was my aspiration as I walked among the pines where now rest my remains, and it has clung to me until I found mortals who could make known my existence, to the echo of my soul, on earth, even until a faint resemblance was drawn and placed before his eyes. Then I continued my labor until I got him in contact with honest instruments who could give expression to the truth, in a verbal way, and finally, I crowned my mission upon earth, by bringing into our circle one whose hand, whose voice, whose eye and ear, could be used in giving to the world the truth in all its simplicity.

He (the medium) may rest assured that he shall find the hand of her (Alice) whom he caressed, ready to help and to strengthen him. To do this now and forever is our purpose.

Beyond the River was originally given as a complimentary work to the people in whose home this medium was partially developed, and as a history to the person whose life, with mine, is one, so that he might know why the occurrences which took place in his life, and for which he could find no explanation, came about. In other words,

we desired to demonstrate to him the relation he bears to us and to our work.

Further, we can say that, while thru the hand of this medium correspondence has been reduced to a degree of perfection hitherto seldom attained, we have succeeded in giving to the world what we have desired to give since the year 1882, A. D. Having accomplished that, we wish to sign ourselves in full, so the world may know that these letters are not dreams of idle fancy, which ere long shall come to naught.

LUCELIA A. LOVEJOY,  
Under the direction of Solon.



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